THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Margaret Sings at the Window.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVE. POST, FROM GOETHE'S "FAUST."

There was a king in Thulè
Right faithful unto the grave;
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden beaker gave.

Was naught to him more precious,
He drained it at every bout;
His eyes with tears ran over
As oft as he drank thereout.

And when he felt him dying,
His cities he reckoned up;
His all to his heir ungrudging
He gave, but not the cup.

To kingly feast he sat him,
Midst knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
In castle by the sea.

Where stood the old carouser,—
Drank off his last life's-glow;
Then tossed the holy beaker
Into the flood below.

He watched it falling, drinking,
Deep sinking in the sea;
His eyes with it were sinking,—
Never drop more drank he. L. H.

☞ THE GOOD SIDE.—When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him: "Is there not," he asked, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

THE CHURCH AT SANTIAGO, CHILI: AS IT APPEARED BEFORE ITS RECENT DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

Not many weeks have elapsed since the civilized world was pained with the news of the burning of one of the churches in Santiago, the pleasant capital of the Republic of Chili, South America, with the loss of more than 2,000 persons—principally of the female sex. In the small space of a quarter of an hour, this awful catastrophe was over. Everything that could tend to produce such a disaster had been combined by the carelessness of custom. The most inflammable materials in the closest contact with fire, a dense crowd of women in light full dresses packed together in a building from which, after the first moment of alarm, escape was almost impossible.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXII.

COMPANY FOR MR. OSWALD CRAY.

For some days subsequent to the interview with Neal, and that valuable servant's startling communication, Mr. Oswald Cray remained in what may be called a sea of confusion. The unhappy circumstances attendant on Lady Oswald's death never left his mind, the strange suspicions first arising naturally, as they did arise, and then augmented by Neal's disclosure, seemed to be ever waging hot war within him, for they were entirely antagonistic to sober reason, to his life-long experience of Dr. Davenal.

It cannot be denied that Oswald Cray, calm of temperament, sound of judgment though he was, did fall into the snare that the web of events had woven around him; and, in the midnight watches, when things wear to our senses a weird, ghostlike hue, the disagreeable word, murder, suggested itself to him oftener than he would have cared to confess in broad, matter-of fact daylight. But as the days went on, his senses came to him. Reason reasserted her empire, and he flung the dark doubt from him, as unworthy of himself and the present enlightened age. It was impossible to connect such a crime with Dr. Davenal.

But still, though Oswald Cray shook off the worst view, he could not shake off the circumstances and their suspicion. Perhaps it was next to impossible, knowing what he did know of the doctor's sentiments as to chloroform, hearing as he had heard, Neal's account of the words spoken at the midnight interview, that he should shake them off. They turned and twisted themselves about in his mind in spite of his will; he would have given much to get rid of them, but he could not. Now taking one phase, now another, now looking dark, now light, there they were, like so many phantoms, ever springing up from different corners of his mind, and putting legitimate thoughts out of it. Up and in bed, at work or at rest, were those conflicting arguments ever dancing attendance on him, until from sheer perplexity his brain would seem to lose its subtle powers, and grow dull in very weariness. But the worst aspect of the affair gradually lost its impression, and reason drove away the high colors of imagination.

The conclusion to which he at length came, and in which he finally settled down, was, that Dr. Davenal had been in a partial degree guilty. He *could not* think he had given that chloroform to Lady Oswald with the deliberate view of taking her life, as some of our worst criminals have taken lives; but he did believe there was some hidden culpability attached to it. Could it have been given in forgetfulness?—or by way of experiment?—or carelessly? Oswald Cray asked himself those questions ten times in a day. No, no, reason answered; Dr. Davenal was not a man to forget, or to experimentalise, or to do things carelessly. And then, with the answer, rose the one dark, awful doubt again, tormenting him not less with its shadows than with its preposterous absurdity.

What clung to his mind more than all the rest, was, that he could see no solution, or chance of solution to the question of why chloroform was administered, why even it was taken to the house. Had Dr Davenal frankly answered him when questioned, "I thought, in spite of my conversation with you, that chloroform might be ventured upon with safety, that it would ease her sufferings, and was absolutely necessary to calm her state of excitement," why, he could have had no more to say, however lamenting the fatal effects. But Dr. Davenal had answered nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he had been mysterious over it, and at length flatly refused to satisfy him at all. So far as Oswald Cray could see, there was no other solution, then or ever, that could be arrived at, save that the chloroform had been administered wilfully and deliberately. If so, then with what view had Dr. Davenal—

At this point Oswald Cray always pulled his thoughts up, or strove to do so, and plunged desperately into another phase of the affair, as if he would run away from dangerous ground. Once he caught himself wondering whether, if the doctor had been deliberately guilty, it lay in his duty—his, Oswald Cray's—to bring him to account for it. No living being save himself, so far as he knew, had been cognizant of Dr. Davenal's strong opinion of chloroform, as applied to Lady Oswald. Ought he, then, not only in the obligation which lies upon all honest men to bring crime to light, but as a connection to Lady Oswald's, ought he to be the Nemesis, and denounce——

With a quicker beating of the heart, with a burning flush upon his brow, Oswald Cray started from the train of thought. Into what strange gulf was it carrying him? Ah! not though it had been his fate to see the crime committed, and to know that it was a crime, would *he* be the one to bring it home to Richard Davenal? The man whom he had so respected; the father of her who possessed his best love, and who would possess it in spite of his efforts to withdraw it, for all time? No; not against *him* could his hand be raised in judgment.

In spite of his efforts to withdraw his love! Had it come to that with Oswald Cray? Indeed it had. He could not fathom the affair, it remained to him utterly incomprehensible, but that Dr. Davenal was in some way or other compromised by it, terribly compromised, seemed as plain as the sun at noonday. And Mr. Oswald Cray, in his haughty spirit, his besetting pride, decided that he could no longer be on terms of friendship with him, and that Sara Davenal must be no wife of his.

What it cost him to come to this resolution of casting her adrift, none save Heaven knew. The struggle remained on his memory for years afterwards as the sorest pain life had ever brought him. It was the bitter turning-point which too many of us have to arrive at and pass; the dividing link which dashes away the sunny meads, the flowery paths of life's young romance, and sends us stumbling and shivering in our cruel awaking down the stony road of reality. None knew, none ever would know, what that struggle was to Oswald Cray.

Not a struggle as to the course he should pursue—the breaking off relations with her; never for a single moment did he hesitate in that. The struggle lay with his feelings, with his own heart, where she was entwined with its very fibre, part and parcel of its very self. He strove to put her out thence, and she would not be put out. There she remained, and he was conscious that there she would remain for many a dreary year to come.

But for his overweening pride, how different things might have been! He was too just a man to include Sara in the doctor's—dare he say it?—crime. Although Neal had said that Miss Sara Davenal had been made cognizant of it, Oswald did not visit upon her one iota of blame. She was no more responsible for the doctor's acts than he was, neither could she help them. No, he did not cast a shadow of reproach upon her; she had done nothing to forfeit his love; but she was her father's daughter, and, therefore, no fit wife for him. One whose pride was less in the ascendant than Mr. Oswald Cray's, whose self-esteem was less sensitively fastidious, might have acted upon this consciousness of her immunity from blame and set himself to see whether there was not a way out of the dilemma, rather than have given her up, offhand, at the very first onset. He might have gone in his candor to Dr. Davenal and said, "I love your daughter; I had wished to make her my wife; tell me frankly and confidentially, is there a reason why I, an honorable man, should not?" Not so Mr. Oswald Cray and his haughty pride. Without a single moment of hesitation, he shook himself free from all future contact with the daughter of Dr. Davenal, just as he was trying to shake her from his heart. Never more, never more, might he look forward to the life of happiness he had been wont to picture.

It was a cruel struggle, cruel to him; and the red flush of shame mantled to his brow as he thought of the binding words he had spoken to her, and the dishonor that must accrue to him in breaking them. There was not a man on the face of the earth whose sense of honor was more keen than Oswald Cray's, who was less capable of wilfully doing aught to tarnish it; and yet that tarnishing was thrust upon him. Any way, it seemed that a great stain must fall upon it. To take one to be his wife whose father was a suspected man, would be a blotch indeed; and to slip through the words he had spoken, never more to take notice of her or them, was scarcely less so. He felt it keenly; he, the man of unblemished conduct, and, it may be said, of unblemished heart.

But still, he did not for a moment hesitate. Great as the pain was to himself, little as she, in her innocence, deserved that the slight should be inflicted on her, he never wavered in that which he knew must be. The only question that arose to him was, how it should be best done. Should he speak to her?—or should he gradually drop all intimacy and let the fact become known to her in that way? Which would be the kinder course? That the separation would be productive of the utmost pain to her as to him, that she loved him with all the fervor of a first and pure attachment, he knew; and he felt for her to his heart's core. He hated himself for having to inflict this pain, and he heartily wished, as things had turned out, that he had never yielded to the pleasure of becoming intimate at Dr. Davenal's. Well, which should be his course? Oswald Cray sat over his fire one cold evening after business was over, and deliberated upon it. He leaned his elbow on the arm of his chair, and bent his cheek on his hand, and gazed abstractedly on the blaze. He shrank from the very idea of speaking to her. No formal engagement existed between them: it had been implied more than spoken; and he would be scarcely justified in saying to her, "I cannot marry you now," considering that he had never in so many words asked her to marry him at all. It might be regarded as a gratuitous insult.

But, putting that aside, he did not see his way clear to speak to her. What reason could he give for his withdrawal? He could not set it down to his own caprice; and he could not—no, he *could not*—put forth to her the plea of her father's misdoing. He began to think it might be better to maintain silence, and so let the past and its words die away. If—

He was aroused from his train of thought by the entrance of a woman—a woman in a black bonnet and sleeves turned up to the elbow, with a rather crusty expression of face. This was Mrs. Benn, the housekeeper, cleaner, cook of the house. It did not lie in Mrs. Benn's province to wait on Mr. Oswald Cray, or she would probably have attired herself more in accordance with her duty. It lay in her husband's, and he had been sent out this evening by Mr. Oswald Cray on business connected with the firm. On cleaning days—and they occurred twice in the week—Mrs. Benn was wont to descend in the morning in a black bonnet, and keep it on until she went to bed. It was not worn as bonnets are worn usually; the crown behind and the brim before; but was perched right on the top of her head, brim downwards: and Mrs. Benn was under a firm persuasion that this kept her hair and her cap free from the dust she was wont to raise in sweeping. She was about forty, but looked fifty, and her face had got a patch of black lead upon it, and a nail had torn a rent in her check apron.

"Wouldn't you like the things taken away, sir?" she asked in a tone as crusty as her face; "I am waiting to wash 'em up."

This recalled Oswald Cray's notice to the fact that the remains of his dinner were yet upon the table. He believed he had rung for them to be taken away when he turned to the fire; and there he had sat with his back to them since, never noticing that nobody had come to do it. It was now a little past seven, and Mrs. Benn had grown angry and indignant at the waiting.

"I declare I thought they had gone away," he said. "I suppose the bell did not ring. I am sure I touched it."

"No bell have rung at all," returned Mrs. Benn, resentfully. "I stood down there with my hands afore me till the clock had gone seven, and then I thought I'd come up and see what was keeping 'em. You haven't eat much this evening, sir," she added, looking at the dish of steak and the potatoes. "I don't think you have eat much lately. Don't you feel well?"

"Well, I am very well," he replied carelessly, rising from his chair and stretching himself. "Is Benn not back yet?"

"No, he is not back," she returned, her tone becoming rather an explosive one, boding no good for the absent Mr. Benn. "He don't seem to hurry himself, he don't, though he knows if he didn't get back I should have to come up here; and very fit I be on my cleaning days to appear before a gentleman."

"Is it necessary to clean in a bonnet?" asked Oswald quietly.

"It's necessary to clean in something, sir, to protect one's head from the fluff and stuff that collects. One would wonder where it comes from, all in a week. I used to tie a apron over my cap, but it was always coming off, or else blowing its corners into the way of one's eyes."

Oswald laughed. He remembered the apron era, and the guy Mrs. Benn looked. For twelve years had she and her husband been the servants of that house. Formerly, Mr. Bracknell, an old bachelor, had lived in it, and Benn and his wife waited on him as they now did on Mr. Oswald Cray.

"Would you like tea this evening, sir?" she inquired. For sometimes Oswald took tea and sometimes he did not.

"Yes; if you bring it up directly. I am going out."

She went away with her tray of things. Down the first flight of stairs, past the offices, and down again to the kitchen. The ground floor of this house in Parliament street was occupied by the offices of the firm, and partially so the floors above. Oswald Cray had two or three rooms for his own use; his sitting-room, not a very large one, being on the first floor.

His train of thought had been broken by the woman, and he did not recall it. He stepped into an adjoining apartment, lighted a shaded lamp, sat down, and began examining a drawing of some projected improvements in an engine boiler. Pencil in hand, he was deep in tubes, cylinders, wheels, and various other mysteries pertaining to engineering, when he heard Mrs. Benn and the tea-tray. He finished marking off certain lines and strokes on a blank sheet of paper—which he did after a queer fashion, his eyes fixed on the drawing, and his fingers only appearing to guide the pencil—before he went in.

He had not hurried himself, and the tea must be getting cold. Mrs. Benn was in the habit of making it down stairs, so that he had no trouble. It was by no means a handsome tea equipage—partly belonging, in fact, to Mrs. Benn herself. The teapot was black, with a chipped spout; and the milk-jug was black, with a fray on its handle; and the china tea-cup was cracked across. Oswald's china tea-service had been handsome once—or rather Mr. Bracknell's, for it was to that gentleman the things in the house belonged; but Mrs. Benn had what she herself called a "heavy hand at break-

age," and two or three cups and saucers were all that remained. Oswald had desired her to buy him a decent teapot, but Mrs. Benn considered it would be so much money wasted while he might use her black one. Oswald had silently resolved to go into one of the Britannia metal shops and buy a tea-pot for himself, but somehow he never thought of it at the right time when he was passing them; and the black tea-pot came up still, every evening that he chose to take tea.

He poured himself out a cup, stirred it, and then went for the sheet of paper on which he had been making the strokes and scrawls. Mrs. Benn knew her master well. He had said he was going out, but he was ust as likely to remain over these strokes all the evening as to go out; perhaps, even, in forgetfulness keep her tea-things up until ten o'clock, or until she went for them. Oswald Cray was one whose heart was in his profession, and work was more pleasant to him than idleness.

He was busy still over this paper, neglecting his tea, when Mrs. Benn came in again. He thought she had come very soon for her tea-tray to-night. But she had not come for that.

"Here's company now, sir! A young lady wants to see you."

"A young lady?" repeated Oswald. "To see me?"

"Well, I suppose she's a young lady—what one can see of her through her black veil; but she come to my kitchen bell only, when the knocker was a staring her right in the face," returned Mrs. Benn. "She asked for you, sir. I said, was it any message I could take up, but she says she wants to speak to you herself."

"You can show her up."

Mrs. Benn accomplished this process in a summary manner. Going down the stairs to the hall, where she had left the applicant, she briefly said to her, "You can go up. First door you come to that's open,"—and then left the lady to find her way. Had her husband, Benn, been at home, he would have asked her what she meant by introducing a visitor in that fashion to Mr. Oswald Cray; and he would probably have got for answer a sharp order to mind his own business. In point of fact, Mrs. Benn, on those two dark interludes of her weekly existence, cleaning days, had neither time nor temper to waste on superfluous ceremony.

Oswald Cray had bent over his paper again, attaching little importance to the advent of the visitor; he supposed it might be some messenger from one or other of the clerks. The footfall on the stairs was soft and light; Oswald's back was to the door, and his lines and marks were absorbing his attention.

"Mr. Oswald Cray?"

It was a sweet and pleasant and sensible voice, with the slightest possible Scotch accent perceptible to English ears. It was the voice of a lady, and Oswald Cray started up hastily, pencil in hand.

A short, slight, very young-looking woman, with a fair face and blue eyes, stood before him. Strictly speaking, there was no beauty whatever in the face, but it was so fair, so frank, so honest, with its steady good sense and its calm blue eyes, that Oswald Cray warmed to it at once. She was dressed plainly in black, and she threw back her crape veil to speak—as most sensible women like to do. To Oswald's eyes, seeing her by that light, she looked about one or two and twenty, as she had to Mrs. Benn: her light complexion, her small features, and her slight figure were all of that type that remain young a long while. In his surprise he did not for the moment speak, and she repeated the words, not as a question this time—

"You are Mr. Oswald Cray."

"That is my name," he answered, recovering his equanimity. "May I—"

"I come to you from my brother, Frank Allister," she interrupted. "I am Jane Allister."

She pronounced the name "Jean," as she had in fact been christened, but it generally gets corrupted into Jane by English ears and English tongues. Oswald so interpreted it. His whole face lighted up with a smile of welcome; it may be said of recognition. He had heard so much of this good sister from his friend Frank Allister.

"I am so glad you have come to him!" he warmly exclaimed, taking her hand. "Frank has almost pined for you: but he did not expect you yet. I seem to know you quite well: he has talked to me of you so much."

"Thank you; I'll take it," she said, in answer to the chair he offered. "And I will take off my fur," she added, unwinding a boa from her neck, and untying her bonnet strings. "Your room feels very warm to one coming in from the keen air outside."

There was something in her frank manners that struck most pleasingly on the mind of Oswald. She sat there as confidingly in his room as though he had been her brother: a good, modest, single-minded woman, whom even a bad man could not do otherwise than respect.

"Yes, I came before Frank expected me," she said. "I did not think I could have come so soon; but my friends kindly released me. You know my situation—why I could not come to him before?"

"I know that you are"—Oswald hesitated for a moment, and then went bravely on. Before that clear eye of plain good sense there was no need to mince the matter, and pretend ignorance.

"I know that you are companion to a lady. And that you could not leave her."

"I have been companion and maid to her all in one," said Miss Allister. "When I and Frank had to go out into the world, and do the best we could for ourselves, I was obliged to look out for that I was most fitted for. Our dead mother's brother offered to help Frank, and he paid the premium with him to this house, and assisted him otherwise, and I was very glad it should be so—"

"You mean Mr. Brown?" interrupted Oswald.

"Yes. He lived in London. My mother was English born, and reared. He was a good friend to us so long as he lived. It was necessary that I should go out; and a situation offered in a lady's family, Mrs. Graham. She wanted some one who would be her companion, sit with her, read to her, some one well reared, of whom she might make an equal, but who would at the same time act as maid; and I took it. But perhaps you have heard all this from Frank?"

"No, not these past details. Though he has talked of you very much. He has told me"—Oswald broke into a frank smile as he said it—"that his sister Jane was worth her weight in gold."

"I should be sorry to think that most sisters are not worth as much as I am," she gravely answered. "I have but done my duty, so far as I could do it, and the worst of us ought to do no less. When Frank found I acted as maid to Mrs. Graham, he was put out much, and wanted me to give up the situation, and seek another. But I laughed at him for a proud boy, and I stayed on until now. What am I the worse for it? I dressed her, and served for her, and when of late years she got ill and helpless I nursed and fed her. I had become so useful to her—I must say, so indispensable—that when news reached me of Frank's illness, I could not quit her to come to him. I tried to see which way my duty lay; to leave her for my sick brother, or to leave my brother to strangers, and stay with my dying and helpless friend and mistress. Every week we expected would be her last; she has been slowly dying for these three months; and I felt that it would be wrong to abandon her. That, you see, is why I could not come to Frank."

"Is she dead?" asked Oswald.

"Oh, yes. This mourning that I am wearing is for her. And as soon as it was possible after the funeral, I came away. We had a long and bad passage, two days, and I did not reach Frank until three o'clock this afternoon."

"You should have come by land," observed Oswald.

"Nay, but that would have cost more," she simply answered. "And I knew that Frank was better, so as to be in no vital hurry for my presence. I have come to you, sir, this evening to ask your opinion of his state. Will you be so kind as to give it me?"

"First of all will you permit me to invite you to take a cup of tea," replied Oswald, turning round to look at the tray, which was on the opposite side of the table, next the door.

"No, I thank you," she replied, "I gave Frank his tea before I came out, and took some with him. But will you let me pour out a cup for you? I saw that I interrupted you."

Before Oswald could decline, she had taken her gloves off, and was round at the tray, putting it in order. That a bachelor had been doing the honors of the ceremony was only too apparent. The teapot was stuck on the side of the tray, spout forwards; the milk-jug was not on the tray at all, but ever so far away on the table. Jane Allister had put all this to rights in a twinkling, and was pouring the slop of cold tea out of his teacup into the basin.

"Not for me," said Oswald, feeling as if he had known her for years. "You are very kind, but I have taken all I wish."

"Nay, not kind at all," she said, looking at him with some surprise. "I'd have been glad to do it for you."

Oswald had risen, and she came back from the tea-tray, and stood by him on the hearth-rug. Her bonnet still untied, her gloves off, her face and attitude full of repose, she looked as one in her own home.

"You'll tell me freely what you think of Frank?"

There was not the slightest shade of doubt in her voice; she evidently expected that he would tell it her; tell it her freely, as she asked for it. She stood with her fair face raised, her candid blue eyes thrown full up to his.

Oswald drew her chair forward for her, and took his own, pausing before he spoke. In good truth he scarcely now knew what was his opinion of Frank Allister. It was one of those cases where the patient seems at death's door, and then, to the surprise of all, the disease takes a sudden turn, and appears to be almost gone. In the previous month, October, Oswald Cray had believed that a few days must see the end of Frank Allister: this, the close of November, he was apparently getting well all one way.

"I do not quite know what to answer you," Oswald began. "Five or six weeks ago Frank was so ill that I did not think there remained the least chance for him, but he has changed in a wonderful manner. But for the—"

"For the what?" she asked, Mr. Oswald Cray having brought his words to an abrupt standstill. "I am sure you will tell me the full truth, just as freely as though I had been with him throughout. I must know it for my own guidance; I have come to nurse him."

"Yes, I will tell it you," said Oswald. "I was about to say that, but for the deceitfulness which is so often characteristic of the disease; I should believe him to be getting well. Remembering that, I can only fear it may be a false improvement."

Jane Allister paused.

"I suppose there is no doubt that his symptoms are those of consumption?"

"None."

"And consumption, if it does come on, is rarely, if ever cured. Do you think it is?"

"Very rarely, I fear."

"But again, I have known patients who have displayed every symptom of consumption, have suffered much, and who have eventually got strong and hearty, and continued so."

"That is true," he assented. "There have been such instances. I wish I could satisfy you better, but indeed I do not know what to think. Mr. Bracknell asked me a day or two ago how Allister was getting on, and I answered him as I answer you—that I really could not tell."

"When I reached my brother's to-day, and saw how well he appeared to be, so different from what I had expected to find him, I could not help expressing my surprise," said Miss Allister. "Frank gaily told me that his illness and its supposed danger had been all a mistake, and that he had taken a new lease of life. I did not know what to think, what to believe; and I determined to come here and ask your opinion. I could not, you know, ask you before him."

"And I cannot give you a decisive one," repeated Oswald. "I can only hope that this improvement may go on to a complete restoration; and I should think it would, but for the treacherous nature of the disease. Frank does certainly appear wonderfully strong and well. Even the doctor says that he cannot say that it will not end in recovery."

"Frank wrote me word that you had sent a physician to him, and that the opinion was unfavorable. But that was when he was at the worst. You have been truly kind to him, Mr. Oswald Cray, and when I came here to-night I felt that I was coming to a friend."

"I should like to be your friend always," returned Oswald, in an unusual impulse. "I seem to have been so a long while, Frank has talked to me so much of you."

"Do you see him daily?"

"Not quite daily since he got better; but as often as I can."

"It is a long way here. So many streets. But I got misdirected."

"You surely did not walk?" exclaimed Oswald.

"To be sure I walked. Why should I not walk?"

"But it is not right for young ladies to be alone at night in the streets of London," he reiterated, a strong wish that he had been by to protect her rising up within him. "It is scarcely safe. Rude people might have molested you."

"But I'm not young," she answered steadily. "I am older than Frank, and he must be as old as you. No, I don't believe that all of London, that a decent, quiet lady may not walk through its lighted thoroughfares without being molested. Who'd take notice of me?"

"There are conveyances—cabs and omnibuses."

"But they cost money," she answered, with that frank, open plainness, which, in her, seemed so great a charm. "I am not come away to England devoid of means, but they will find plenty of outlets in necessary things, without being spent in superfluities. Any way, they must be made to last both for me and Frank, until I can leave him and go out again. I'd not speak of these things to you, Mr. Oswald Cray, but that you must have heard all particulars of our position from Frank."

She had risen as she spoke, and was now tying her bonnet strings. Oswald picked up a glove which she dropped.

"And now I'll wish you good-night," she continued, putting her hand frankly into his. "And I'd like to thank you with all my heart for what you have done for Frank, for the good friend you have been to him. You have brought to him help and comfort when there was nobody else in the world to bring it. I shall always thank you in my heart, Mr. Oswald Cray."

Oswald laughed the words off, and attended her down stairs, catching up his hat as he went through the hall. Mrs. Benn and her black bonnet came up the kitchen stairs.

"Good-night," repeated Jane Allister.

"I am going with you," said Oswald.

"No, I could not let you. I shall find my way quite well. I will not allow you to go out with me."

Determination lay in her voice and in her eye. Oswald answered in a jesting tone,

"I must walk on the other side the street, then, if you will not permit me to walk with you. I was on the point of starting to see Frank when you came in, and I shall certainly go. I have not seen him for two days."

"Then if that's the case I'll not object," she readily answered. "And in truth, as it lies in your way, I shall be glad of your company. You'll not tell Frank that I have been asking too much about him."

Oswald closed the door behind him and offered his arm. She took it at once, thanking him in a staid old-fashioned manner. Mrs. Benn drew the door open and looked after them.

"Arm-in-arm!" ejaculated the old lady. "And he bending of his head down to her to talk! Who on earth can she be?—coming after him to his house—and stopping up there in the parlor—and keeping up of the tea things! It looks uncommon like as if he had took on a sweetheart. Only—So it's you at last, is it, Joe Benn! And what do you mean by stopping out like this?"

The concluding sentences were addressed to a respectable-looking man who approached the door. It was Joseph Benn, her husband, and the faithful servant of the firm.

"I couldn't make more haste," he quietly answered.

"Not make more haste! Don't tell me. Mr. Oswald Cray expected you were home an hour ago."

"Mr. Oswald Cray will be quite satisfied that I have not wasted my time when I tell him where I've been. Is he up stairs?"

"No, he is not," she sharply answered. "Satisfied, indeed! Yes, he looked satisfied when he saw me going up to wait upon him in this guise, and to show in his company! And me waiting a good mortal hour for his dinner-things, which he forgot was up! which couldn't have happened if you'd been at your post to wait at table. You go and stop out again at his dinner-time, Joe Benn!"

Joe Benn made no rejoinder; experience had taught him that it was best not to make one. He passed her, and she shut the door with a bang. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEAD CHILD.

Our little friend is in his grave;
The turf is green with July rain.
We weep for him. What would we have?
To him at least our loss is gain.

We lose the hope of future years—
Our child, our gallant little man;
But he, the future's pain and tears.
We will be happy, if we can.

Or, if not happy, still content
His peace should solace our despair.
God takes away the gem He lent,
To set it with the star-beams fair.

☞ Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening than by talking.

☞ J. Ross Brown, writing from Tucson, Arizona, under date of January 16th, says: "I consider Arizona the richest of all our mineral Territories. I have seen the solid stuff—both gold and silver—and confess it astonishes me, incredulous as I am in matters of this kind. All this territory requires now, to become the leading mineral region, is military protection. Part of my duty here is to aid in the establishment of the Territorial Government, and I hope we may be able to put our mines in a secure position after all."

☞ The word miscegenation is derived from the Latin *miscere*, to mix, and *genus*, a race, and "is used to denote the abstract idea of the mixture of two or more races."

☞ It is now said that the Prince of Wales's infant son was born with a deformity, having only three fingers on one of his hands.

☞ John S. Battolph, of Middlebury, Vt., has sold a Spanish merino buck lamb, ten months old, and from Mr. Hammond's celebrated buck "Gold Drop," for *twelve hundred dollars*.

☞ QUEEN VICTORIA ENGAGED IN LITERARY PURSUITS.—Queen Victoria, it appears, has literary tastes. In 1834, when she was but sixteen years old, a small volume of her poems was published in pamphlet form, for distribution exclusively in the royal family circle. The *Coburg Gazette* now announces that Queen Victoria is engaged in writing the Memoirs of her Life and Times, and that this work accounts for her seclusion since Prince Albert's death.

☞ A WELL KEPT VOW.—Father Mathew once presented Lord Brougham with a temperance medal and ribbon. His lordship said he would take it to the House, where he should be sure to meet old Lord ——— the worse for liquor. Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran peer who was so celebrated for his potations, he said, "Lord ———, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck. "Then I tell you what it is, Brougham, I will keep sober for this night," said his lordship, who kept his vow to the great amazement of his friends.

☞ "John," said a father to his son one day, when he caught him shaving the down off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

MRS. WOOD'S WORKS.

Our old readers will probably be a little amused in reading the following from the *Daily Press* of this city:

A singular circumstance, illustrating the popularity of a particular English novelist, and the spirited enterprise of one of our Philadelphia publishing houses, has come to our knowledge, and is worth telling. The author is Mrs. Henry Wood, whose "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," and other novels, have obtained great popularity in England and here, besides being reprinted in Tauchnitz's celebrated Leipzig collection, and translated into the German and French. There are now advertised, in the London papers, two new works of fiction by Mrs. Wood. One of these is entitled "Trevlyn Hold," to appear in *three* volumes. It happens that T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, published this work as far back as last September; that Mrs. Wood then called it "Squire Trevlyn's Heirs," and that Messrs. Peterson paid her a large sum for the exclusive use of the work in this country. The other case is nearly parallel. It is as follows: "A new story by the author of 'East Lynne'" is advertised to be commenced on the 19th March, in the English periodical called *Once a Week*. Now, as we happen to know, this is the novel of "The Earl's Heirs," published from her manuscript by Messrs. Peterson in March, 1863. More curious still is the fact that a third novel by this lady, which has not yet been published in England, was also produced here, as far back as June, 1863, by Messrs. Peterson. This is "The Castle's Heirs." There is a fourth novel by Mrs. Wood, entitled "The Mystery," published by Messrs Peterson, in September, 1862, printed from her manuscript, which has not yet been published in England, in any form or under any title. Here, then, are four novels by the most popular authoress in England, produced in Philadelphia, months ago, not one of which has yet appeared in London.

We would inform the *Press* that the above is hardly a full and accurate account of the matter treated of. "The Earl's Daughters," "The Castle's Heir" and "The Mystery" were written exclusively for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—paid for by us, and published in the years 1860 and 1861. We had seen several stories in one of the English magazines, evidently by the same person, and liked them well enough to write over to England, ascertain their author, and make a regular engagement with her. The stories Mrs. Wood then wrote for THE POST—and, to say the least, they are equal to any she has since written—were not noticed by our American critics. Neither could we find an American book publisher to publish them. Not until the *London Times* thought fit to give "*East Lynne*" a favorable notice, could our American critics and book publishers see the merits of Mrs. Wood's productions. Of course we found no difficulty after the establishment of Mrs. Wood's reputation in England, in disposing of the copyright of such works as she had previously written for us.

We regret to say it, but there is very little independent and able literary criticism on this side of the ocean—and not much, for that matter, on the other. American criticism generally follows the lead of English—and English criticism seems to be in a great degree a matter of clique. In no other way can we account for the ridiculous over-puffery of certain English authors—which of course is humbly imitated in this country—than by supposing that the Mutual Admiration Society of London is quite as active and gaseous as those upon this side of the ocean. It may not make much difference in the long run, save by discouraging good authors, and starving them occasionally, and by encouraging poor ones—but we suppose these things are all compensated for in the grand workings of the universe, although it puzzles us occasionally to see how. As to Mrs. Wood, it was a lucky thing that the critic of *The Times* happened to be in a good humor the morning he reviewed her book. If he had had a poor breakfast, or a tiff with his wife, or something else had occurred to put him in a bad humor, and he had dismissed "East Lynne" with brief contempt, it probably would have been many thousands of pounds out of the author's pocket, and this article of ours might not have been needed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE VEIL PARTLY LIFTED AND JESUS BECOMING VISIBLE. By W. H. FURNESS, author of "Remarks on the Four Gospels," "Jesus and His Biographers," "A History of Jesus," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. This new volume by Mr. Furness is divided into eight portions, under the following heads:—Wherein the Teaching of Jesus was New—How the Truth of his History is Made to Appear—His Knowledge of Human Nature—His Wonder Working Power—His Childlikeness—The Naturalness of His Teachings—The Naturalness of Certain Fables Found in His History—and The Genesis of the Gospels. The work is written in a very pleasing style—simple, earnest and perspicuous; and the heads above quoted will indicate the character of the contents. Mr. Furness insists very strongly upon the historical character of the Gospels—and finds in certain discrepancies of statement, only additional proofs of the truth of the leading facts of the narrative. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE CAMPANER THAL, and Other Writings. From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. The Campaner Thal is composed of a number of discourses on the immortality of the soul. Richter died while engaged, under recent and almost total blindness, in enlarging and remodelling this work. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, for March, contains ably-written articles on Hindu Civilization, The Decadence of Rome, Klopstock as a Lyric and Epic Poetry, &c. Edited and published by Edward I. Sears, A. M., New York. K. Simon, agent, 23 S. Sixth St., Philadelphia.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for April. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ WHAT NEXT?—A dish-washing machine is the last invention. It will, among other things, wash knives and forks without wetting the handles.

☞ FROGS.—"A frog," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal what lickers on cold water, and consequently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does himself. He perwides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a mill pond. He is a warmint what ain't so bad when boiled on a gridiron."

☞ A COUNTRY WITHOUT A REPTILE.—"Ould Ireland," by virtue of the famous incantations of St. Patrick, is popularly supposed to be the only country free from snakes; but Newfoundland, according to the statements of Capt Hardy, R. A., in a letter to the London Field, bears off the palm in this particular. It contains not a snake, toad, frog or reptile of any sort; nor any squirrels, porcupines, mink or mice. Some of the common green headed frogs, Captain Hardy says, were recently transported to this island, and turned out into a swamp, such as would be a good residence for them at home, but in a few days, alas! they all lay stiff on their backs. Immense portions of Newfoundland are covered by bogs and swamps, and the absence of reptiles is a curious phenomenon.

☞ The famous oak tree, under which Generals Grant and Pemberton met and agreed upon terms for the surrender of Vicksburg, on the 3d of July last, has been "gobbled up" by soldiers who wished to obtain souvenirs of the memorable event. Not satisfied with appropriating the trunk and branches, they have burrowed into the earth and seized every root which could be secured, as relics. Persons who have in their possession even a small piece of this wood prize it highly.

☞ Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, announces officially in his organ, the Western New York Catholic, that the "Fenian Brothers" cannot march in procession with Catholic societies, nor take part in Catholic rites and holy sacrifices.

☞ MORALITY.—In some of its phases, Mohammedan mercantile morality exceeds in its scrupulousness that of any other people, whatever their religious character or creed. A mercantile firm in Salonica had bills to a large amount on the principal inhabitants and merchants of the place, which, with their books and papers, were destroyed by fire. On the day following, a prominent Turk, who was largely in their debt, went in person and told them that, having heard that their papers had been destroyed, he had brought a copy of his account with them and fresh bills for the amount which was their due. This example was followed by *all* the Turkish debtors to them. It does not appear to be intimated that this course was one that they had ever learned from the *Christian* traders in their country.

☞ It is mentioned by Mrs. Hannah More that in her time it was the fashion for ladies to ornament their hats not only with flowers but with fruit; and Garrick, to ridicule this fashion, had a hat made for a scene in a comedy, with turnips and carrots by way of ornament. We are coming to that, again.

☞ BRING OUT THE RAGS.—They are scarce and high now, the paper makers say, and so they put up their prices terribly—higher than ever before, with a single exception. The good housekeeper will consult her own interest, and that of publishers also, by hunting up and selling all their paper rags.

☞ A DECISIVE GOOD-BYE.—One of our most reliable exchanges says that a young man, named Simon Rodgers, recently blew out his brains, after bidding his wife good-bye *with a shot gun!—Exchange paper.*

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.*

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'rm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
} Ex-Officio.
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
Mrs. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

To be held in Philadelphia, June 1st, 1864.

The Committees on *Benefits, Entertainments, and Exhibitions* for the Great Central Fair, address themselves to those gifted with talents and accomplishments among our people, and invite them to turn all their powers and acquirements to account for the benefit of our brave and suffering soldiers.

I. We invite all theatrical companies in all the cities and towns in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, and all dramatic artists everywhere to give one or more entertainments for the benefit of the Great Central Fair—all companies of minstrels, serenaders, and the like; all those exhibiting panoramas, stereopticons, museums, menageries, circuses, and all showmen to give us the proceeds of one or more exhibitions.

II. We earnestly invite all amateurs to aid us. Let the ordinary social amusements and entertainments be converted into a source of succor to the soldier. Let the gay and talented young people in city, town, and village form themselves at once into circles for the organization and managements of amusements. Let them, without loss of time, begin to prepare a series of tableaux, dramatic readings illustrated by tableaux, amateur dramatic representations, charades, Shakspearian readings, music, minstrelsy, and every variety of parlor entertainments which the fancy may suggest. Let social gatherings, parties, balls, and picnics, private and public, be turned to account by charging admittance fees.

III. The Committees invite the co-operation of persons who by reason of maturer years will have more extended social influence, in encouraging and organizing the efforts of the young people. We desire that they should form themselves into associate committees, and put themselves into communication with the Committee in Philadelphia.

The Chairman or any member of the Philadelphia Committee will be happy to enter into correspondence with any one having the above object in view.

IV. It is considered advisable to send the proceeds of such benefits, entertainments, and exhibitions to the Chairman of the Committee in the form of money, rather than to expend it for material to be worked up, with the risk of loss which may occur from an excess of fancy and needle work.

V. The Chairman of the Ladies' Committee on Benefits, Entertainments, and Exhibitions will be at home every day between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock A. M., at her residence, 1516 Pine street, to receive any one upon business connected with the Committee. Any visitors from the interior of Pennsylvania, from New Jersey, or Delaware, who feel an interest in the subject, are invited to call for consultation and advice.

Gentlemen's Committee.

GEORGE TROTT. JOHN PHILLIPS.
FRANCES WELLS. DR. WILLIAM CAMAC.
CONSTANT GUILLOU. GEORGE GILPIN.
DR. L. R. KOECKER. J. SERGEANT MEADE.

Ladies' Committee.

Mrs. AUBREY H. SMITH, Chairman, 1516 Pine street.
Mrs. BLOOMFIELD H. MOORE, 1718 Walnut street.
Mrs. JOHN F. FRAZER, 1515 Walnut street.
Mrs. ROBT. C. GRIER, 1428 Spruce street.
Mrs. THOS. SWANN, N. W. cor. Broad and Federal sts.
Mrs. JOS. HARRISON, 225 S. Eighteenth street.
Mrs. WARNER JOHNSON, Germantown.
Mrs. DR. J. L. LE CONTE, 1325 Spruce street.

The town of Smyrna, Delaware, has taken the lead in giving an entertainment of "*tableaux vivants.*" We have the pleasure of acknowledging a complimentary ticket sent to us.

We have been requested to mention to our auxiliary societies that the chaff from shelled corn has been found to be a most excellent substitute for the usual filling of pads; and is highly recommended by surgeons.

"THE LITTLE HELPERS."

This beautiful and significant term is the name given to a little band of children in Carlisle, who have been working for our soldiers. Its origin is touching in the extreme. A mother lost her lovely little boy, six years old. His heart had been set upon saving his spending money for a Fair for our sick and wounded soldiers. After his sudden death, his mother, to carry out the child's wishes, collected in her house every week a circle of children, who prepared, under her supervision, such articles as she thought best. At length they held their Fair, and realized over $600.

That short life was not in vain. His earnest wishes, carried out after the heart that prompted them had ceased to beat, have helped to save other lives. And shall not his example incite other little ones to band together for the same noble cause? Our Associate Manager in Dauphin county suggests that circles of children be formed in every town and city, under the name of "*The Little Helpers,*" to work for the Great Central Fair, holding their Fairs wherever they reside, and sending the proceeds to our treasury. We shall hope to hear that this suggestion has been carried out in many places; and we shall always feel a peculiar tenderness for "The Little Helpers," wherever they may be found.

The Little Helpers of Carlisle have set a noble example. Though many may emulate, it is not probable that any will excel; but let all remember, who work in this holy cause, that in the sight of God the small offering is acceptable as the large one.

ONIONS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

A COUNTRY GIRL TO COUNTRY GIRLS AND BOYS.

Not long since I heard a soldier say that soldiers like onions; that he had, at one time, paid twenty-five cents for an onion. Onions are good for soldiers, and many of them crave them. You and I don't, maybe; we like them only a long way off; but the soldiers do. Down in a corner of our garden, behind the currant-bushes, in what I recognize from surroundings as a long-neglected corner—a spot unoccupied save by our dogs, who have considered it their own peculiar play-ground, and from which our boy has taken many a load of bones of their strewing—I see, in vision, the morning sun gleam brightly on rows of tiny green blades; and, as I look, the rows seem to form themselves into great characters, which presently I see are FOR THE SOLDIERS. Henceforth, for this season at least that bone strewed plot has a nobler destiny. The vision shall be realized. The dogs must seek another play-ground; this plot is to bear onions for the soldiers. Where now is stiff sod, shall indeed be mellow soil, where onions may take to themselves size and sap and odor. In due time, the green tops may flavor soup for the Home Guard; but every bulb lying concealed in the dark mold shall be sacred to such as have seen actual service. Never, since exiled Israelites landed and sighed for the leeks and onions of Egypt, has there been so great a glorification of the odorous, tear-provoking bulb as there shall be in this garden-corner.

This sounds well, say you; but talking breaks no bones, and that frozen sod is not broken yet for those onion-beds. You're right. When the barrels (or shall it only be barrel?) containing them shall have been directed to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, will be a better time for talking of these onions of mine. But just one word to you, girls and boys. Have you a neglected corner in your garden, in your yard, or a place hitherto given to the cultivation of flowers only? That patch is not yours, I beg leave to inform you. The soldier has a mortgage on it. Waste soil is not to be tolerated about our homes in these times, and the tulip, though a lovely minstrant, must give place to a root which may be put to nobler uses. Dear friends, can't you, won't you work these spots for the soldiers? Think! for any slight weariness we shall so suffer, they have known the hard endurance, the wear of long marches; for every drop of oozing sweat while bending at our toil, the crimson life-current streams from them for country, for home, that we may have them. Let us give freely what we can to those who are giving life, some of them, for us.

Glancing over a newspaper, my eye falls upon a statement that in the Army of the Cumberland there is much suffering for want of vegetables. In several regiments scurvy has broken out, and an urgent appeal is made to the Sanitary Commission for vegetables. Should each of us country girls and boys furnish a bushel, even, of vegetables—we won't insist upon the *onions* from all, if some of you prefer potatoes for your peculiar patch—and put them all together, those from each village sending their barrels—how the barrels would roll in! This seems humble work for some of us, does it? No work for country is mean; no work for its defenders is mean. Let us pledge ourselves, girls and boys, that we will do what we can, and that with the enthusiasm with which we pieced together, and flung out to the breeze, our first miniatures of the "Dear Old Flag," in the beginning of these strange times, when it is defended from those whom it has so long sheltered.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

School Lane Circle, Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, 1 pkg.; Germantown Field Hospital Association, Miss H. A. Tell, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Darby, Mrs. F. Kemp, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, East Bridgewater, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Miss Clara C. Grice, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Williamsport, Lycoming co., Miss L. A. Snyder, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Elk Lake, Susquehanna co., Mrs. D. Thomas, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga co., Miss Sarah E. Morris, 1 box; Mrs. Rhea Barton, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Hillsgrove, Sullivan co., Mrs. M. W. Lippincott, 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, Vincentown, 1 box, Dr. Elwell, Sec'y; Aid Society, Byberry, Jane Hilborn, Sec'y, 1 bol.; Vaughan Sewing Circle, Mrs. Furness, 1 pkg.; Church of Epiphany, Miss Fannie J. DuPuy, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Hillsgrove, Sullivan co., Mrs. Lippincott, 1 box, 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, Mifflintown, Juniata co., Miss Carrie Stonebaugh, 1 box; Colebrookdale Works, Mrs. Weaver, 1 box; Church of Holy Trinity, Mrs. Edward Law, 2 pkgs.; Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, Schuylkill co., R. R. McCabe, 2 boxes; Miss Mary Barclay, Bedford, Bedford co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., Mrs. Dr. Dickson, 3 boxes; Soldiers' Aid, Salem, N. J., Miss Thompson, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Weldon, Mrs. Russell Smith, large pkg. clothing; Stroudsburg Ladies' Aid, Anna M. Stokes, 1 box; 1 box from Princeton, N. J., for white refugees; Aid Society, Princeton, N. J. 1 box.

☞ Farmers who make the most rapid improvement in husbandry, are likely to be those who read most on the subject of their vocation. For the man who reads little, no matter what his vocation is, will be likely to think little, and act with reference to tradition received from former generations, or else in imitation of what is going on about him. There is always hope of a man who loves reading, study and reflection.

☞ During General Sherman's expedition, a wounded Federal officer crawled into the yard of a secesh planter, when the latter took an axe, and with a fiendishness scarcely credible, struck him on the head, killing him instantly. A small party of Federal soldiers coming up shortly after, the negroes told them of it, when they immediately shot the planter and placed him in the house, which they burned to the ground.

☞ New York city has a church for every three thousand inhabitants; a groggery for every one hundred.

THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

"Seeing is believing," so says the proverb, and if any one is anxious to have doubts removed on any subject, no process will be found so effectual as that of careful ocular demonstration—more especially when that evidence is skeptically examined before its reception as truth. Such was my intention when, for the first time in my life, I was lately introduced to an Indian snake-charmer.

During a professional ride through the station in which I am quartered, I felt somewhat fatigued with the heat of the sun, which was just then excessive, and ventured to call on a friend for a short shelter, despite the full conviction that I should find him indulging in that mid-day "siesta," so common a luxury to the Europeans living in this climate, and yet so fearfully productive of liver congestion, plethora, and splenic disease.

I was not mistaken. "Never mind me; come in, old boy," was my friend's salutation, which I answered in person by entering his bedroom, darkened and cooled by artificial means. Making my way to his bedside, I was surprised at seeing two peculiarly bright glistening objects in the corner of the room. I advanced towards them, but more quickly retired, on being assailed by a loud and unmistakable hiss. Involuntarily a scream in duet was performed by my friend and myself, and the native servants were somewhat startled by shrieks of "A snake, a snake! Get a gun!"

A consultation was held—of course *outside* the room, and, I need not say, some distance from the door. Various results were arrived at; some suggesting "shooting," others "smoking." One, more courageous apparently than the rest, proposed that the snake should be "caught," and then destroyed.

However, as the originator of this bright idea did not seem in haste to carry his suggestion into practice, and as none of us wished to deprive him of the honor, it was agreed to send to the native bazaar for an Indian snake-charmer. In the meantime, we thought another look could do no harm. Carefully and slowly was that door opened. Nervously and tremblingly we peeped in—gradually advanced, looking everywhere—jumped at the least rustle or sound, presenting sorry spectacles of her majesty's British soldiers. But soldiers don't like snakes. Why should they?

"Why he's gone!" "Take care!" "Look in the bed, cupboard, drawers, nooks and corners." No snake!

Then, for the first time, we laughed.

"Hallo! what's this piece of stick near the wall!" "By Jove, it's his tail!" "Phew!" "Don't speak, we shall lose him!" "Here's the charmer."

He came—a tall muscular native, a strip of cloth round his waist, his hair long and matted except on the centre of his head, which was shaved close in a circle, and a turban covering it, bearing over his shoulders two baskets and his musical instrument, made out of a gourd with a single bamboo pipe coming from its upper end and two similar ones from its lower, which, being pierced with holes, are played upon like a flute, while the breath is blown through the upper and single one.

Before he was allowed to enter the room he was searched, and his baskets and instrument taken from him. Nothing could have been concealed, for his clothing was reduced to its minimum, and he only carried a short iron rod.

He was shown the hole in which we supposed the snake to be, for now the reptile's tail had disappeared. He lay down on the floor, and placing his face close to the hole, exclaimed, "Burra sap, sahib, bahut burra." (Big snake, your honor, very big.) Without any more preparation he commenced digging round the hole, and removed some of the brick-work. In a few minutes he showed us the tail of the reptile, and with sundry incantations in Hindostanee and curious contortions of his body, seized hold of the tail, and gradually drew forth the snake. It proved to be a fine specimen of the cobra—a black, shiny, wriggling, hissing, deadly cobra, about five feet long, and at the thickest part eight inches round, with a hood measuring, when extended, five inches across. This reptile he handled freely while it was hissing and darting its tongue out every second. Removing it into the yard or compound, he released it. The brute wriggled towards him, and when within a foot or so, reared itself up, spread out the enormous hood, and prepared itself to strike at its captor. But the charmer was not to be wounded. He seized his primitive musical instrument, and commenced very slowly to produce low and soft tones, very harmonious but unconnected. The snake seemed astonished; his hood gradually collapsed, his head and about a foot of his body that was raised from the ground commenced to sway from side to side in perfect harmony with the music, and slower and quicker as the time was decreased or increased. As the man played louder the snake got more excited, until its rapid and unusual movements had quite exhausted it, and it subsided.

Again the charmer seized it, and quick as lightning ran his hand up its body, holding it firmly by the throat. By pressing on its neck, the creba's mouth opened, and he disclosed the fangs, poison bags, and apparatus complete; thus proving beyond a doubt that it was not a trained or tamed reptile he had been treating like a plaything.

Doubts still arose in my mind, however, about the genuineness of the performance, for I could not bring myself to believe that a man would willingly place himself in such close proximity to certain death.

A fowl was now obtained, and placed about a foot from the reptile, which was again set free. With the same movements it raised itself a foot from the ground, spread out its hood, and with a loud hiss, apparently of satisfaction, darted upon and seized the fowl by the back of its neck. Hanging there for a few seconds, it let go its hold, and the man at the same instant seized it, as he had formerly done, by the head. The fowl almost instantaneously became drowsy, its head falling forwards, and the beak striking with considerable force into the ground. This convulsive movement lasted ten seconds, and then the bird lay down as if completely comatose and powerless. In fifteen seconds it gave a sudden start, and fell back quite dead. This was the first time I witnessed death from a snake-bite, and it is unquestionably a sudden, quiet and overpowering poison.

As no deception could have been practiced in this instance, I was most anxious to see the reptile killed; but the charmer said he would not have it destroyed; that if it were injured the power he had over the snakes would be interfered with, and the next one would no doubt bite and kill him. He accounted for his easy capture by saying that this was a great holiday for the snakes, and they had been enjoying themselves. "This one," said he, "is not living in this house. He has come from his own home visiting, and has lost his way. On this account he got down a wrong hole, and I was enabled to pull him out. Nasty neighbors and abominable visitors, these cobras! I will take this snake home and feed him and make him tame."

However, we insisted upon seeing him made harmless, or comparatively so, and directed the man to remove his fangs. This he agreed to do, and performed it in this manner: a piece of wood was cut about an inch square, and held by the charmer to the head of the snake. The reptile seized it as he had done the fowl, and with a dextrous twist of his hand the most primitive performance of dentistry was accomplished. The *four* fangs sticking into the wood were extracted by the roots and given to me. I have them now, and look upon them as more "suicidally" pleasant than a pint of prussic acid or a cask of white arsenic.

Another fowl was now brought and attacked by the snake as before, but without any effect; it shook itself, rustled its feathers, and walked away consequentially. It is alive still, unless some enterprising culinary agent has converted it into "curry" or "devil."

So it was proved beyond any doubt that an Indian snake-charmer was not a "humbug and swindler," as many suppose, but a strong-minded, quick-eyed, active, courageous man. The cool determination and heroism of the charmer in the present instance was rewarded by the sum of two rupees (4s.;) and he left the compound with an extra snake in his basket, thankful to "his preservers and feeders of his children," as he styled us, and to whom, he said, he owed his life and his existence.

☞ Epitaph on the Earl of Devonshire and his wife in Tiverton church, Devonshire:

"Ho! ho! who lies here?
'Tis I, the Earl of Devonshire;
With Kate, my wife, to me full dear;
We lived together fifty-five year.
That we spent we had;
That we left we lost;
That we gave we have."

☞ A London surgeon, it is said, lately put a dog to sleep with chloroform, and taking out a piece of his skull, inserted a watch-crystal, through which he can see the changes in the brain produced by sleep.

☞ The United States Magazine remarks: "The constant reader of Shakespeare finds occasionally some capital advice which the great dramatist did not design for these times, except that he spoke 'for all time.' Thus, when King Richard says to Stanley—

'Look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it:'

he puts a word into the mouth of authority at this day."

☞ The President has signed the enabling acts for Nevada, Colorado and Nebraska, allowing them to form State Constitutions and come into the Union.

☞ From the 1st of January to the 10th of February, 2,000 persons died in Rome, Italy. This is an average of 50 a day, and attributed to the extreme coldness of the winter.

☞ TO DAIRY FARMERS.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has announced a decision of importance to dairy farmers. Persons who carry on farms and keep cows—selling milk, butter and cheese, as an incident to their farming operations—are considered as farmers, and exempt from license for the sale of their products.

☞ In consequence of 1864 being Leap year, we may be sure it will go off with a good Spring.

An American Lady at the French Court.

The Emperor and Empress not unfrequently take a great liking to persons accidentally presented to them, invite them to their most select parties, make much of them, and sometimes rousing a little jealousy, by so doing, among the persons belonging to the Court. Of the ladies officially foremost, the reigning favorites are Princess Metternich, extremely clever and piquante, who invents the oddest toilettes, dances the oddest dances, and says the oddest things; the Marquise de Gallifet, whose past life is a romance, not altogether according to the French proverb, ("fit for school-girl reading,") but who is very handsome, brilliant, merry and audacious; and two others, the handsome and dashing wives of men high in the employment of the Emperor. These ladies spend enormous sums on their toilette, and are perpetually inventing some merry and brilliant nonsense for the amusement of the Empress.

Among the persons from "outside" most in favor just now in the inner circle of the Court, is a very handsome and accomplished American lady, the youthful wife of a millionaire, possessing a magnificent voice, a very amiable temper, and wonderfully splendid hair. After a very small and very merry party in the Empress's private apartments a few nights ago, the Imperial hosts and their guests sat down to an exquisite "little supper," this lady being one of the party. During the supper one of the Empress's ladies began playfully to tease Mrs ——— about her hair, declaring that no human head could grow such a luxuriant mass of lustrous hair, and inviting her to confess to sporting certain skillfully contrived additions to the locks of nature's bestowing. Mrs. ——— modestly protested that her hair, such as it was, was really and truly her own; in right of growth, and *not* of purchase.

All present speedily took part in the laughing dispute; some declaring for the opinion of the Lady of Honor, the others for that of Mrs. ———. The Emperor and Empress, greatly amused at the dispute, professed a strong desire to know the facts of the case; and the Emperor, declaring that it was clearly impossible to get at the truth in any other way, invited Mrs. ——— to settle the controversy by letting down her hair and giving ocular demonstration of its being her own. The lady, whereupon, drew out the comb and the hair pins that held up her hair, and shook its heavy and shining masses all over her shoulders, thus giving conclusive proof of the tenure by which she held it. As Frenchwomen seldom have good heads of hair, it is probable that some little disappointment may have been caused to some of the ladies by this magnificent torrent of hair, displayed by Mrs. ———, but the gentlemen were all in raptures at the really beautiful spectacle, the lady's husband, who worships her, being as proud of her triumph as though his wife's luxuriant locks were his own creation.—*Cor. Montreal Herald.*

NEWS ITEMS.

A SUIT has been commenced in Washington under the law of Maryland of 1777 (chapter 12, section 9) against a minister, the Rev. John Thrush, of McKendree Chapel, to recover £500 penalty for marrying a "female under the age of 16 years, and not before married, without the consent of the parents." The young lady has, since the marriage, been divorced from the bonds of said marriage, and the father now sues for the above penalty.

A MAN named Phelps, who died at Salem, Ct., recently, by his own agreement sold his body to a surgeon in Boston for $1,000, the money to be appropriated to the use of his widowed mother, and his body to purposes of scientific investigation. His death was produced by an enormous tumor upon his back.

HARTFORD has a greater banking capital than the state of Ohio, and Massachusetts more than all the states and territories west of the Alleghanies.

SPURGEON.—The celebrated Baptist preacher of London, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, it is reported, will visit this country in May. This is about the seventh time that Mr. Spurgeon's intended visit to America has been similarly heralded within as many years.

WHEAT AND FRUIT CROP OF OHIO.—Mr. J. H. Klippart, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, says the prospects for an average wheat crop in this state are good. Fruit is killed, and the palate will only be regaled with a taste of peaches, apples, cherries, &c., by heavy calls upon our postal currency for the foreign articles.

WOOD FOR PAPER.—There has been quite an active trade going on in the northern part of Chester county in poplar wood. It is in demand for making paper. The mills at Springville, Chester county, are very extensive, and are worked by New York capitalists. The price of wood delivered on the line of the Chester Valley Railroad is four and five dollars per cord.

A LADY, who having recently visited the Army of the Potomac, thus briefly describes the Generals she saw there:—"I saw Gen. Meade, who is tall and slender, has a full iron-gray beard, wears eye-glasses, and did not strike me as more formidable or ferocious than other men. I saw Gen. Kilpatrick, who, instead of being the tall, dashing, flashing-eyed hero of our imagination, is small and slight, with lightish hair, and laughs unceasingly. I saw General Sedgwick, who is merry-looking, and not at all the austere patriot he has been represented."

LIEBIG, the illustrious chemist, says, on the subject of the oidium in vines and the potato disease, that the cause is not in the atmosphere, as many people supposed, but in a want of vigor and an exhaustion of the soil, which defect may be remedied by the use of bone powder and ashes.

THE Washington correspondent of the Norristown Free Press states that the full-length portrait of ex-President Franklin Pierce has been removed from the rotunda of the Capitol, and cast among the rubbish.

CONSUMPTION OF HONEY IN FRANCE.—Notwithstanding France is a honey-producing country, the importations are very large. The customs returns show 542 tuns in 1862, and 511 tuns in 1863, imported into France, from countries that produce a surplus. All Germany, Switzerland and Italy are great honey-producing countries. Bees constitute the whole productive wealth of some families.

☞ The newly elected President of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad is to receive a salary of $12,000 a year.

LATEST NEWS.

A Ringgold, Geo., dispatch states that the rebels are in force near that place, and that their picket lines are within two miles of ours. Johnston's force is estimated at 35 000 but there are no indications that he intends an offensive movement.

A Memphis dispatch reports that the rebel General McCullough is on his way north with 2,500 men to reinforce Forrest. General Grierson is said to be harrassing Forrest.

The steamship City of Cork, with European dates to the 21st of March, arrived at New York on Saturday. On the 18th three Prussian men-of-war attacked the Danish blockading squadron off Griefswalde, Pomerania, but after an engagement of two hours the Prussian vessels returned to the harbor. On the 17th there was fighting all along the line of Duppel village, and the Torjeberg position was taken by the Prussians, after a heroic resistance by the Danes. The position of Duppel was unharmed, but the bombardment of the intrenchments, according to a Flensburg dispatch, was renewed the next day, and a terrific cannonade was going on.

☞ The number of letters in the alphabet of different languages is as follows: English, 26; French, 25; German, 26; Spanish, 24; Dutch, 26; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; Sclavonic, 27; Arabic, 28; Persian, 31; Turkish, 33; Georgian, 36; Hebre, Chaldee, Syriac and Samaritan, each 22; Coptic, 32; Sanscrit, 50; Bengalese, 21; Burmese, 19.

☞ Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, not having drawn his salary for the past eighteen months, ordered the Treasurer, a few days ago, to credit the whole sum, amounting to sixteen hundred and fifty dollars, to the State Fund for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.

☞ There is an allusion to soporific surgery in Middleton's tragedy of "Women Beware Women," published in 1657, which suggests that the use of ether was understood even then.

☞ A Western paper notices a curious specimen of the handiwork of a Southern lady—a pair of knit pantaloons in crochet work. The work was firmly and neatly done, and the maker was Mrs. W. H. Mackie, of Columbia, Arkansas. During the blockade in that region, her husband needed a pair of pantaloons, and as there was no cloth to be had, she took her crochet needle, and with plenty of homespun yarn got up an article equal to anything a merchant tailor could turn out—handsome in appearance, and good "for three years or the war."

☞ "Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours." "Well, what if he has? He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

☞ It has been estimated that the population of England and Wales, up to the close of the seventeenth century, never exceeded two million.

☞ DR. WINSHIP OUTDONE.—We understand that Mr. Charles W. Barber, who resides in Cordova, near this village, recently lifted in a mill, in Dunkirk, a weight comprised, on a shaft and balance-wheel attached, of 2,824 pounds. This is 240 pounds more than the celebrated Dr. Winship has lifted, and was accomplished without the use of shoulder-straps or other apparatus for distributing the weight.—*Fredonia Censor.*

☞ An exchange says that very soon people of moderate means will be unable to tell on which side their bread is buttered.

☞ Only five slaves are now left in Polk county, Missouri.

☞ A country correspondent writes:—What does the Apostle Paul say with regard to men as brethren? He says, "Brethren, pray for us." There are men now calling themselves ministers of the Gospel who keep the letter "r" out of prayer, and make it—"Brethren, PAY for us." Their reading is, PAY WITHOUT CEASING!—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The Sanitary Fairs recently held at Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Albany, Brooklyn, Cleveland and Buffalo, have realized $1,003,000.

☞ In Utah, criminals condemned to capital punishment are allowed to elect whether they will be hanged, shot, or beheaded.

☞ Since General Steele took command of our army in Arkansas, over 5,000 loyal citizens of that state have enlisted in its ranks.

☞ Lot's wife (John Lotts' residing in Muhlenburg county, Kentucky,) a few days since gave birth to four bouncing boys. Less than eleven months ago she gave birth to twins.

☞ A reservoir of water for the supply of a city is like a Dutchman—it never works without a pipe in its mouth.

☞ A short time since a well-known master in a grammar school was censuring a pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in practice, he said: "Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied, "No, sir, they sell them two for three half-pence when they are stale."

☞ It would be a bad thing for a child to get a wasp in his mouth, but he can't even say his alphabet without getting A B in it.

☞ Large license is accorded to beauty. Every woman can venture to be saucy if she pleases, but not if she displeases.

THE COMFORTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following lines were suggested by an incident related in "Twelfth Street Meeting," by an English Quaker lady, who has recently been visiting the military hospitals, and addressing our sick and wounded soldiers. Without further remark, it is hoped the verse below will suffice to tell the simple story:—]

A young soldier lay silent and pale,
Mid the wounded, the sick, and the dying;
And the mystical shadows of death
On his fair face all coldly were lying;
They said he had lain on the field,
Mid the dead who around him did slumber,
So chilly, so deathlike, so still,
That they deemed he was one of their number.
But they bore him at last to his bed,
When they saw by a tremulous quiver
Which passed o'er his face—that the soul
Still paused e'er it passed the dark river.

Then there moved 'mid that chamber of woe,
The simply clad form of a woman,
And hers was a heart that was warm,
That could hear the sad "cry of the human:"
So she came to that sufferer's couch,
Tho' they told her 'twas vain to address him,
And she gazed on his sad shrunken face,
And she tenderly bent down to bless him:

Then there came o'er her womanly heart
A glow from the Heavenly Spirit,
And she knew in the depths of her soul
That the power of the Highest was near it,
So she laid her kind hand on the brow
Of that poor stricken soldier so lonely,
And she breathed out a prayer without words,
For the ear of the Holy One only.
Then the eyes of the dying one oped,
And his spirit that soft touch did waken,
As the ripples awake on the stream
When its glass by the soft breeze is shaken:
Then she said—and her voice was as mild
As the sound of the breeze through the willow,—
"It is Jesus can make the death-bed
More soft than the down of the pillow!"
Holy words!—to the cold ear of death,
God made them the voice of another,
And a smile lit the soldier's sad face,
And he looked up, and gently said, "Mother!"
Ah! he thought that warm hand on his brow,
And the form that so love-like bent o'er him,
Could belong to no other on earth
Except the dear mother who bore him;
So a smile lit the soldier's young face,
As soft as the moonbeams that quiver
When evening is lovely and calm,
On the breast of the soft-flowing river;
And he whispered—"I'm going to be
With Jesus, dear mother! and sighing,"
He smiled in her kind face, and passed
From this world of the dead and the dying.

Oh! beautiful spirit of Love!
Who speak'st to earth's sad sons and daughters
In the voice of the Heavenly Dove,
When they draw nigh to death's darksome waters;
Far greater than conqueror's power
The might to thine influence given,
Which comforts in death's gloomy hour,
And opens the portals of heaven.

FRANK.

"OUT WEST."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. JAMES ——.

Mrs. Emily Sunderland, "nee" Bennett, came hastily into our house the other day, scarcely waiting to knock—I could see by the excited manner of the little madam that something was on her mind. Always inclined to humanity and tenderness of heart, I seated myself in an attitude of listening, and said,

"What is it?"

"Why, Nellie! I've been reading over some of your old letters, and they really prove the old adage 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' they make a *prime* love story. Now do select those which form a continued narrative, and send them off to be published."

"Well, I will on one condition."

"Name it!"

"That you allow me afterwards to write out the story of *your* love and marriage."

Emily only hesitated a moment; she had asked me to make public a portion of my life's experience; and could not without appearing selfish, refuse her own.

Her impetuous nature not admitting of delay, we sat down immediately to the examination of a very voluminous package of letters, from which, we made the following selections:

N——, KANSAS, Aug. 25th, —56.

My Dearest Emily—Now do not open your blue eyes wide with astonishment and exclaim, Oh, Romeo! Romeo! where art thou? for, my dear friend, I am still within the domain of civilization; though far away from New York, with all its gayety and pride, its bright surface and undercurrent of wickedness and want.

I am in the little village of N——, situated on the north bank of the Kansas river, and not quite a hundred miles from the great city (that is to be) of Leavenworth. I have called N—— a village, but I assure you it is a *great* city; not only on the maps of the town site, where it presents itself with regularly laid off streets, numbered and named; but also in the imagination of *every one* of its inhabitants, and likewise in the minds of numerous stockholders in the east.

The scene which reality presents, is a beautiful and extensive plain, on one side the Kansas river, the remaining three bounded by hills, now covered with tall grass, only here and there a few trees to relieve the monotony.

Scattered over the town site, you will find a few houses and several tents, which you can scarcely imagine would shelter the numerous persons, principally of the sterner sex, whom you may see moving about, seemingly intent on some pursuit.

But I expect you are growing impatient to know how I, who only two months ago was the reigning belle of a fashionable circle then gathering for the summer at a gay watering place, should be now a denizen of the wilderness. 'Tis the old story, a turn of the wheel of fortune leaves those who have long sported in the sunshine on the heights of prosperity, down in the vale of poverty, to struggle with adversity's rough winds. I know so much of the hollow professions, the heartlessness of society in general, that had I not seen down into the inner depths of your true and nobler nature, my long tried friend, I should scarcely have ventured to address you now that I can no longer lay claim to membership of the charmed circle of which you are the favorite.

But I cannot doubt your affection, or your sympathy. So I will describe in brief the scene which met me on my sudden recall from Saratoga. The girls who were at home for vacation in tears; mamma in hysterics; papa pacing the floor in an agony of self-accusation; servants standing about listening and whispering and consulting; while the house was all in disorder. The cause of all this tumult I found to be papa's sudden and complete failure, caused by the departure of his partner in a steamer for Europe, with all the funds which he could collect and borrow in the name of the firm.

"Will it take everything, papa?" said I, summoning up my failing courage.

"Everything; what a fool I was, to allow my natural and fostered indolence to betray me into such trust of a scoundrel."

"You cannot help it now, papa. But is there no piece of land, no farm in the country, where we can go for a while?"

"Nothing but that worthless piece of Kansas property, the deed to which I had made out in little Jamie's name, thinking it might possibly be of some value twenty years from now. I took it only to oblige an old customer, who was otherwise unable to pay a debt of long standing."

Even while papa talked, the idea of emigration had seized upon my active brain, and in the contemplation of the romance of a life so different from anything to which I had been accustomed, and of which I had gathered many romantic ideas from books, my imagination revelled, losing sight of what to the others seemed a dreadful calamity. I knew when papa had done speaking, though scarcely what he said, and continued:

"But I wish you would make inquiries. Perhaps it is more valuable than you suppose; and, in our changed circumstances, do you not think we should be happier far away from here?"

"I have not yet thought much about it, but I suppose we must begin to consider soon. Something must be done; we shall be obliged to leave this house in a few days or weeks at farthest. I must begin the world where my father did before me. I do not mind myself or the boys, but my daughters and your mother."

"Oh! we shall be the better for it, no doubt," said I. At which Jennie's and Clara's tears began to flow afresh, and mamma fainted; and in busying myself to revive her, I for a time lost sight of my western project. But when she again recovered, papa having gone out, I engaged myself inspiring them all with my own eagerness to emigrate, relating all the beautiful and romantic things I had ever read of the west and western life, and succeeded so well, that when papa reported that upon inquiry he found his claim situated contiguous to a rising village, and would, if we were all willing to accompany, or remain while he ventured alone to prepare the way, carry out a stock of dry goods and groceries, and become a retail merchant on a small scale, all voted to *go*, and *go* immediately. And that is why we came. But I must close this long epistle and retire, for I assure you I am now no idle butterfly, but a hard-working, busy bee, to whom each night's rest is necessary to renew the failing strength for the day's labor.

Write to me soon. Adieu.

Your friend, NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

N——, Kansas T., Sept. 16.

Dearest Emily,—I have not yet received an answer to my former letter, nor is it time for me to expect one; but my thoughts have been about you all day; and now that my daily duties are performed, and the whole household, excepting myself, wrapt in the embrace of the drowsy god, I take out my paper and pen, and my fingers instinctively trace the letters of your name, and I begin again my narrative of our flitting. It is not necessary to describe our journey—you know all about travelling by steamboat and rail; and we had no remarkable adventures, no hair-breadth escapes, and consequently no handsome and youthful deliverers. Even the snags in the Missouri river kept a respectful distance, and the sandbars demeaned themselves in like manner. In our travels inland, however, we were destined to have our beautiful and romantic visions somewhat toned down. The weather was intensely warm, and the heat of the sun almost intolerable, as we rode over the rough roads in an old rickety stage-coach. How we longed for the going down of the sun, and how grateful we were for a single room in the little log hotel, the whole house scarcely as large as one of our parlors in the old home. Poor mamma—accustomed all her life to ease and every luxury—could scarcely restrain her tears; and had I not known that she would have suffered more in her wounded pride at daily slights and mortifications had we remained, I should have blamed myself severely as the instigator of our western movement. At the close of the second day we reached the scene of our future home, at the sight of which even my courage gave way, and a doleful array of female faces we must have presented to the wondering group who stood around the hotel—very small, yet an improvement upon our last night's resting place.

And now we were at the end of our journey, and were allowed to rest a few days; while papa, with the aid of his future friends and neighbors, prepared our house. Shall I describe it to you? A large log cabin, with two rooms below stairs, one of which serves as a kitchen, laundry, etc., the other dining-room and parlor. Above stairs there are three apartments, mamma's, one for the boys, while Jennie, Clara, and myself occupy the other. The house is nowhere plastered, but will be ere the cold weather begins. Brussels carpets and velvet tapestry are rather out of place in a log cabin, but we had no other; and then the walls of our parlor and mamma's room are covered with our old damask curtains, which give it rather a homelike appearance. We brought too the sofa and chairs which stood in our dining-room at the old home. They give us rather a stylish appearance in these parts, I assure you, so much so that one of our neighbors was heard to say she "was *afeerd them* Armstrongs was big bugs." But I must tell you something more astonishing than all. We have not a single servant! In fact we have no room for any if it were possible to procure one. Of course we girls relieve mamma of all care. I, myself, am head housekeeper; and indeed, dear Emily, I must confess it rather a fall from the flights of fancy concerning western life, with its roaming through woods and over prairies, seeing the noble Indian, and learning simplicity from communing with uncultivated nature, this looking after daily bread, compounding of johnny cake, a staple article in this country, learning to dress and cook poultry, make bread and all the necessary articles of household economy. To be sure I have two able assistants. Then I have no time to grieve over the past, every moment is fully occupied, and there is a sweet reward in papa's smile of approbation. He takes me into all his schemes now, and I am pleased to be able to tell you that he sees a bright future before him. He has already been obliged to order an additional stock of goods, and will, I hope at some day, be relieved of all pecuniary difficulties, and probably secure a competence for the calm enjoyment of the days to come, when his locks are silvered and his eyes grow dim. We have been invited to a party next Thursday night, and papa proposes to escort us, so we shall probably go, but I must again say my good-night.

Write soon to your old friend NELLIE.

N——, K. T., Oct. 8th, '55.

My Dearest Emily,—Your very kind letter was received to-day, with oh how glad a welcome. I thank you very much for your tender sympathy with us in our misfortunes; it is sweet to know we have so true a friend, but in the future, my dear, you may reserve your *pity* for those who need it. We are growing quite contented, and even very happy. As household duties become familiar they become less onerous, and as there are three of us, we have learned to dispatch them in "short measure," and then we are ready to enjoy ourselves galloping over the prairies on fleet ponies with a handsome and gentlemanly escort. Indeed our Jennie is becoming quite a flirt, but then the temptation is very hard to resist, where there are so many eligibles, and where ladies are "like angels visits few and far between." Our house is the envy and admiration of masculinity for miles around, because it contains *four* women. Why! even the Misses Suffles, who live over the river, one of them cross-eyed, and the other pigeon-toed, are not suffered to languish in obscurity, but are regularly ferried over to every meeting, sewing society or party which occurs by admiring swains bent on making themselves agreeable, and might, if they did not consult their mirror, which I presume they do, as it is a failing of young ladies in general, suppose themselves handsome or even beautiful. Yes! we are growing quite satisfied with our new mode of existence; there is a peculiar charm in this free, wild life, where we may sing or laugh until the distant hills re-echo our music, and no Mrs. Grundy to call us to account for it. Let me relate a laughable adventure which occurred to day:

We were all busy at our morning's work, Jennie washing dishes, Clara ironing, and myself sweeping, and all singing to the full extent of our vocal powers, when a knock was heard at the front door; being the nearest to the aforesaid aperture, I myself opened it, and there stood a fine specimen of the genus-homo with a carpet-bag in his hand. I knew he was a stranger by his beaver; they don't last long in Kansas, the wind having a peculiar fancy for carrying them far over the prairie. But there stood the gentleman, and though I feared he had mistaken our cabin for a boarding-house, I invited him to come in and take a seat. He did so, and then in rather an embarrassed manner said, "I fear I have mistaken the place, but in order to explain my intrusion, will state to you that my errand was to find a washerwoman." I referred him to several who were in the habit of performing such services for disconsolate young bachelors. "No," said he, "I have called at nearly every house on the town site this morning, and only meet with disappointment; I fear I shall have to turn laundress myself." "I am very sorry for you," said I, "but we are such novices in household duties that I could not think of undertaking additional labor, or I should try to oblige you." "Thank you; please excuse me for intruding;" and he retired, much to the relief of the girls, who were ready to explode with laughter, having heard all our conversation.

What beautiful moonlight nights we have here, such a softened yet brilliant light as Luna pours on this portion of Mother Earth, and how long the winter lingers; when the chill north wind blows for a day or two, and we begin to think cold weather is coming, the south wind again obtains the supremacy, and with his balmy breezes sends the old North king back to his pole; but again I say good-bye, with much love remaining Your friend, NELLIE.

N——, K. T., March 15th, '57.

My Dear, Dear Friend,—How shall I write to you the sad, sad news, and yet my heart is full of many, many things I would say to you, and you are no doubt wondering at my silence. Emily, we have laid our dear mother in the cold damp earth. Those loving eyes that ever looked in kindness on her children, are now forever closed. That patient heart, which after the first shock of distress was over, never murmured or complained during all our privations, is now forever stilled. A sudden change in the weather brought her a severe cold, which settled down upon her lungs, and medical skill was unavailing to remove it. Three weeks ago they carried her mortal remains, that form of clay which we had learned to love so well, out on the prairies, not far from the house—I can see the spot from here—and there it was hidden from our sight.

Oh how we miss her! I who am her oldest child, and shared most of her confidence, am stricken dumb with grief, and have not words to console him who feels her loss most deeply.

The child grieves sincerely, but the future opens bright before him; new ties, and new interests, and new loves will wear away the first bitterness of grief; but to the truly wedded, how ruthless the hand that bears away its mate for many years. The very soul seems rent in twain. My father! Oh, my father! thine will be a lonely, desolate life. But a little time ago, and he was all joy and hope, now he seems twenty years older. The great object of his labors to render my mother's declining years easy and comfortable is gone.

Yet we have one true friend, one who in our day of laughter and glee, of happiness and frolic, though with us seemed not one of us, yet in our grief has assumed the post of director and comforter, I mean my father's clerk, Ernest Harwood.

Before, though with us at meal-time, he invariably left immediately after, in the day time to his business and in the evening to his studies. He is preparing himself for admission to the bar.

He seemed pleased enough, conversed well, but never evinced any particular interest in our welfare, but now, how changed! Every moment of his precious time is spent in trying to lessen our sorrow, and point us to the only true sources of consolation, the Bible and our Saviour. To me, his attentions are doubly grateful. Papa looks to me for comfort, and the girls for an example of fortitude; and I fear my weak strength would fail, were not a strong earthly arm vouchsafed whereon I may lean till the storm of grief be spent. Shall we ever be happy again I wonder! It seems impossible with that cherished face forever hidden. Pray for me, dearest, and write if you can a word of consolation to

Your stricken friend,
NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

N——, K. T., June 20th, —57.

My Dearest Emily: You inquire about Ernest H——; as I have not mentioned him for several months. He is still with us, and endearing himself more and more, by the sterling traits of character, the noble sentiments, and generous feelings which daily intercourse betrays. He has never relapsed into his old habits of reserve, but seems to be one of us, spending the early part of every evening with us, returning to his books however promptly as the clock strikes nine. "I have no time to spare," says he, "the difficulties which beset me in the pursuit of knowledge in my early years have made my progress slow, yet patience and perseverance will yet accomplish unaided what would have been an easy task with the usual assistance."

Only think of it; he never was in school but two terms, long enough to learn to read and write, and commit the multiplication-table, and yet he is at home in every science, and well versed in literature—and is now pursuing the study of law, though scarcely thirty years old. Oh how misused seem all my advantages by the side of such attainments. In very shame, I take out my old school-books and recommit the lessons which I once endeavored to shun. But I never told you that Ernest was the knight of the soiled linen, did I! Well he is, and says he went to the river, emptied his carpet-sack, and scrubbed and rubbed those shirts; but the longer he washed the dirtier they grew, till finally a good Samaritan of a woman passing by, took pity on him, and poured balm upon his wounds by doing his washing for him.

Adieu, NELLIE.

N——, K. T., Sept. 25th, '57.

My Dear Emily,—You, who have been my confidante in trouble, shall hear first my tale of joy. Even before my sisters shall you be preferred. Ernest, my noble Ernest, the man above all others whom I respect, honor and love, has asked me to become the companion of the bright day which is dawning upon his morning of clouds. I have sometimes wished it might be so, yet scarcely dared to hope that I, who am so unworthy even his brotherly love, might fill the highest place in his heart. But it is even so. To-day he was admitted to the bar, and to-night for the first time lingered after his usual hour of departure. "Will you walk with me, Nellie?" said he abruptly, amid papa's congratulations on his success to-day. My only answer was to rise and take the proffered arm, and we passed forth into the bright moonlight, two lives hereafter to be blent in one.

"Nellie," said Ernest, "for the past few months I have had a new motive for exertion, a new incentive in the struggle to raise myself from the obscurity in which I was born. It is the hope that this hand I now take may one day be my own, that the bright, happy sunshine of your life may shine upon my rugged path of toil. Tell me, Nellie, have I hoped in vain?" I did not withdraw the hand he held, and henceforth I am to have a guide, strong, true, brave, and tender on my journey of life. There are some persons whose presence calls forth all the evil traits in my nature; pride, envy, ill temper, who vex me constantly and unconsciously in every speech and movement, but with my Ernest every good and noble feeling is called forth, every high and holy emotion. Patience possesses my spirit, and love rules my actions. We shall wait one year for Ernest to become established in his profession ere we take upon us the solemn vows of wedded life. Good-night, I must sleep.

Your blest friend, NELLIE.

P. S. to the above tale:—

The year rolled swiftly on. The blessed time of union came, and we left the old homestead, and dwelt in a neat white cottage by our happy selves. Four winters, with their snows and chilly winds, have come and gone, yet blighted not our love; four summers brought us on their balmy wings new joy.

Prosperity, the certain fruit of industry, perseverance, integrity, and ability, has come to Ernest in the practice of his profession. Fame and popularity are his, yet he is still the same. No temptation can move the firm rock of honor on which my happiness is based.

LEARNT BY HEART.

One beguiling and one beguiled,
A bearded man by a mere slim child;
Two blue eyes 'neath a scarlet hood,
Two forms under a tree in the wood:

Two blue eyes may beguile a king,
Golden hair is a dangerous thing,
And an artful glance oft seemeth shy,
Lure to attract a lover's eye:

Two names cut in the beech-tree deep,
Two young hearts in a flutter keep;
Clasped hands lingering on the bark—
Was that a kiss or a whisper? Hark!

Who speaks low, with an earnest breath,
Speaks of a love that shall last till death;
Who looks down with a tearful eye,
Half with a smile, and half with a sigh?

'Tis the old, old story, I suppose,
And the pupil at last the lesson knows;
Ever 'twas thus, and 'twill ever be,
When the world has forgotten both you and me!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

☞ It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die, because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless.

SHAKSPEARE.

If Homer nodded, it must be confessed that Shakspeare sometimes trifled. It is vain adulation to say that everything he did was equally good; or that he never sank, and never was weak. All that should be said, where he is found to be so, is, that he worked chiefly for money; and to achieve success with his audience was too often with him the main motive for writing. This practical part of his character it was that made him so great when he was great. There is never any mere display in his writings; nothing like fine writing merely for the sake of fine writing. He began, and perhaps ended his career by adapting old plays to a new fashion. In this cobbling work he displayed some wonderful work of his own. His marvellous imagination was kindled by the old material, and he sometimes embossed it, and sometimes threw it utterly aside, putting in a new work of the rarest kind. Occasionally, when he really got hold of a subject he liked, he gradually supplanted the antique work with an entire new play, as regarded all but the story. It is this mode of production that makes his plays such a puzzle to the ordinary reader. Here seems a lump of clay close by an ingot of gold; there rubbish and jewels are inextricably intermixed.

It is the opinion of those who have very minutely searched into the construction of Shakspeare's dramas, that every one of them was founded on some precedent play. It is also obvious that Shakspeare did as little as he possibly could, probably always having an eye to the preservation of all that was then deemed popular. Being an actor and a manager, popularity was always a necessary object of all his aims. These views may be thought to be poor and low by those who are not strictly guided by the practical; but it was the possession of these notions that enabled the great dramatist to produce such tremendous effects as he has on all time and all persons. His mighty genius manifested itself spontaneously, and shone out amidst all these trammels, and amidst much old trash, with a splendor which can only be compared to the operations of nature, who casts some of her most beautiful forms and productions amidst a debris that we are accustomed to consider rubbish.

MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

Once when travelling on a stage-coach, says a writer in a contemporary, I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep look demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.

All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals were not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me; for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet; and now, taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale face towards her and said:

"My dear girl, you are now young and healthy, and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world, where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

☞ "George, my boy, do you know that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones' step-son, won't he?"

BY THE RIVER.

The sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars,
That grow beside the stream;
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,
A gold and purple gleam;
And I know
That even in the March wind there was music,
And in the river's flow.

I loved to hear the sighing of the water,
To mark its green depths shine;
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,
A dear hand clasped in mine;
For I know
I thought that love would last for ever, changeless,
Though rivers ceased to flow.

Gone is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,
The glory from the land;
Gone, the brown eyes that made the sunshine brighter,
And gone the clasping hand;
But I know
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!
That cannot cease to flow.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHY SIR MASSINGBERD DID NOT MARRY.

"I suppose you have heard, Peter Meredith, young as you are," began the old woman, "a great deal of ill-speaking against us wanderers. We not only kill game, but even domestic poultry, if the opportunity is given to us; we not only steal wood, but horse-flesh; and since we are so partial to carrion, it is not to be wondered at that we sometimes suffocate a sheep with a piece of his own wool, in order to get the carcass cheap from the farmer. Yet whatever false charges are current about us now, these are nothing, either in gravity or number, to what they were when I was a young girl—that is, fifty years ago. Every man's hand, every woman's tongue, was against us; magistrates committed us without testimony; rogues made a trade of accusing us solely to get blood-money. Our name was more than a by-word—it was a brand; to call a man a gipsy, was to say vagabond and thief in one. Under these circumstances, Massingberd Heath left his father's house yonder, and came to live with us as congenial company. We were in this very wood the day he did so. The sun shone as brightly as now, the streamlet ran just as blithe, the air was filled, as now, with the sweet-smelling pine. The people only are changed—ah me, how changed?—who made up that scene. There was my father—he died! ten years younger than I am now; is not that strange, boy? his brother Morris—dead: poor Stanley Carew—you shall hear of him presently—a handsomer lad by far than his nephew there: my beautiful Sinnamenta, compared to little Mina yonder, though she is pretty enough, like a blush-rose to a mere peony—the flower of womankind. If there are ladies and women born into the world, then *she* was a lady. There are no such beauties now—no, friend, not even at the Dovecot. Let me see—I have counted four: then I was there also, comely enough, 'was said, but not to be spoken of for looks with my younger sister.

"We were occupied pretty much as you see us now, for Life in the Greenwood possesses but little variety, when Massingberd Head strode in among us, with his gun upon his shoulder. We knew him well, but were not inclined to dislike him. He was a dissipated, wild young fellow, but, as yet, his heart was thought, as the saying is, to be in the right place; his popularity, however, was principally owing to his antagonism to his father. Sir Wentworth had long passed through the spendthrift stage, and was very close with respect to money-matters; a harsh and griping landlord, and it is probable enough a niggard parent. His son's extravagances were at that time insignificant compared to what they afterwards became, yet the old man was for ever complaining. He persecuted all who were poor and in his power, but the gipsies especially. He feared for his deer, for his game, for his fences, and, besides, I verily believe he detested us for our improvidence. I remember he sent two of my young brothers to prison for tossing for halfpence upon a Sunday—he who made not even a pretence of religion himself, and had been used invariably to pass his day of rest in town at Tattersall's, betting his thousands on some approaching race. It is said that this wretched old man used to horsewhip young Massingberd almost daily, until a certain occasion, when the latter found himself stronger than he imagined, and reversed the process. After that, Sir Wentworth confined himself to cursing his offspring, whenever they quarrelled. It was after some dreadful outbreak of passion on the part of the old man, that Massingberd Heath left house and home, and elected to join our wandering fortunes. We were very unwilling that this should be. It was by no means so unusual a proceeding then as now, for persons of good birth, but broken fortunes, to become gipsies, but such had usually their private reasons for remaining so for life. They were very rarely criminals, but generally social outlaws, for whom there could be no reconciliation at home, or younger sons of respectable families, with quite a mountain of debt upon *their* shoulders. These were regularly nationalised among us; and if they conduct themselves for sufficient time in accordance with our regulations, they were permitted to intermarry with us.

"Now, it was certain that Massingberd Heath sought only a temporary home; as soon as his father died, or even offered terms to him, he would leave us, and resume his proper station. Moreover, how was the maintenance of discipline and obedience to the chief of our tribe, absolutely essential as it is, to be kept up in the case of this new-comer? Even at that time, he was a headstrong, wilful man, to whom all authority, however lawful or natural, was hateful. Was it to be expected that he who defied his own father, himself a man of iron will, would obey Morris Liversedge? On the other hand, Uncle Morris rather liked the young fellow. He had connived at many a raid on his father's own preserves—to such a pitch had the quarrel grown between them—and kept our pot boiling with bird and beast. Many and many a time had he led the Fairburn keepers to one extremity of the preserves, while the slaughter was going on in the other. Moreover, it would be of great importance, could we make a friend of the man who would one day own all these pleasant haunts of ours, and who could say a good word, and a strong one, for the poor persecuted gipsies, when it was needed. Poor Morris did not know that the Rebel but too often turns out a Tyrant, when he gets his chance. He could not foresee Sir Massingberd Heath sending folks to prison, or getting them kidnapped, and sent across the seas, for snaring the hares that he held so cheaply when they did not happen to belong to himself. If you want to find a gentleman, who in his youth, and landless, has been a poacher whenever the opportunity offered, look you among the game-preservers on the bench of justices. This, however, is among the least of the baseneses of him of whom I speak. It is not for his bitter guardianship of bird and beast, or his hateful oppression of his fellow-creatures, that my heart cries out for judgment against this man; that I look with eager longing for that hour when God shall take him into His own hand."

The old woman paused a moment with closed eyes, and muttered something that was inaudible to me, rocking herself at the same time to and fro.

"Massingberd Heath became one of us, Peter Meredith, as far as it is possible for such a wretch to be so; he ate with us, and drank with us, which they say is a sacred bond among even savages. It was not so with him. He cast his evil eyes upon Sinnamenta, to love her after the fashion of his accursed race. Perhaps you may think, Peter Meredith, that such an occurrence should have been foreseen by her father or her uncle Morris, and, for my part, I always thought that it was the presence of my lovely sister which mainly caused this man to join our company; but, at all events, neither they nor I dreaded any ill consequences. A gipsy girl is not a light-of-love maiden, like those of fairer skins. Heaven, who gives her beauty, gives her virtue also; this is not denied, even by our enemies. When you call your sweetheart Gipsy, it is in love, not in reproach. Massingberd Heath knew this well, and therefore it was he took such pains in the matter. It is true that we do not marry in church, but when we wed among ourselves, the marriage is not less sacred. It was a wedding of this sort, indissoluble by one party, but not by the other, which this man wished to compass. He did not gain his end."

The old woman's eyes sparkled with triumph for a moment as she said these words, but her voice sank low as she continued:

"Peter Meredith, if you have a sister, think of her while I speak of mine; she cannot be more pure than little Sinnamenta, nor less designing. Her weakness was one common to all women, but especially to those of our unhappy race; she was fond of finery—fine clothing, jewels, shawls; they became her; she looked like any princess when attired in them. Stanley Carew, who loved her in all honesty, could give her no such costly gifts as Massingberd Heath showered upon her, and, to help his end, even upon me. The gipsy's ragged coat looked mean and poor beside that of our guest. This man, too, whom you know but as a scowling tyrant, with a face scarred with passion and excesses, was than a handsome youth. You smile, Peter, at the wonder of it; it is, however, not less true than that the wrinkled hag to whom you are now listening was then a bonny lass. Imagine *that*, Peter, and you can imagine anything. Ah, Time, Time, surely at the end of you, there will be something to recompense us for all that you have taken away!"

Once more Rachel Liversedge paused as if in pain; then with eyes whose sight seemed to receive but little of what was present, but were fixed on the unreturning Past, continued as follows:—

"Yes, Massingberd Heath was handsome enough, unless when enraged; his wrath always brought the horse-shoe out upon his forehead.* Ay, and he was agreeable enough, too. He could smile as though he had a heart, and vow as though he owned a God. By his devilish art he managed to ingratiate himself with Sinnamenta; he caused her to treat poor Stanley ill, and then, pretending to take his part, got credit for generosity. There are many who call us gipsies a base people, yet this excess of meanness was quite new to us. My little sister—that was what I always called her, because I loved her so—she believed him. She would have trusted to his word, and married him, according to our rites, and been his wife and drudge for all her life; but since this could not be without the consent of both of her father and Morris, he had to ask it of them. He might as well have asked it of Sir Wentworth; they had got to know him well by close companionship, for men fathom men better than women do—even gipsy women, who foretell men's fortunes for them—and they answered 'No.' They did not believe that he had the least intention of being with us longer than it suited him, and they peremptorily refused his request. After one burst of passionate threats, the young man pretended to yield assent to their decision. Morris was inclined to think this acquiescence genuine; but my father, more warmly interested in the matter, and therefore perhaps less credulous, kept on his guard. Finding out that Massingberd Heath had secretly made overtures of reconciliation to his father, and missing him one night from the camp, he caused Morris to strike tent at once, and before morning we had put twenty miles between us and Fairburn. Nor was this effected too soon, for, as we heard long afterwards, the constables were searching this very wood for us at daybreak.

"Our company was bound on a long travel to Kirk-Yetholm, Roxburghshire, one of the few places in Scotland, although but one mile from the frontier of Northumberland, where the gipsies reside in any number. There we should meet with friends, and be safe from all molestation. It was late in the year to travel so far and into such a climate, but there was no help for it, and, moreover, some of the Carews had a house there, to which Stanley said we should be welcome; and so it turned out. I believe Sinnamenta would rather that we had camped out of doors even in that northern clime, so disinclined was she to be beholden to him or his friends after what had happened, although she did not dare to say so. Poor Stanley imagined that, now we had removed from the neighborhood of his rival, he might renew his suit with success; but the proud girl would not listen to him. She did not exactly pine after the man whose wiles she had so narrowly escaped, but her life seemed henceforth saddened. The domestic duties which had hitherto sat so lightly upon her, became burdensome, and she set about them languidly. The whole of the time we remained at Kirk-Yetholm, and it was many, many months, she never mentioned Massingberd Heath, but never ceased to think of him. It was fated that she was to be undeceived about that man too late.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REASON CONTINUED.

"About a year after our departure from Fairburn, Sinnamenta and I had been to sell some baskets, the making of which was a great trade with us at that time, at Wooler, in Northumberland; and on our return from the fair that was being held there, we met a number of gentlemen driving home from shooting in the Cheviots. They went by very rapidly, yet not so fast but that I recognized one of their number. I had only to look at my little sister's cheeks to see that she had recognized him also. The very next day came Massingberd Heath to our camp, professing himself injured by our abrupt withdrawal from his society, volunteering his companionship as before, and reiterating his vows and promises to Sinnamenta. She expressed herself in such a manner as to lead us almost to fear she might be induced to elope with him; while he upon his side, seemed prepared to sacrifice everything to obtain her: his very selfishness caused him, as it were, to forget himself, and I do believe, if it had been insisted upon, he would have had the bans published in Wooler Church, in the hearing of the fine friends with whom he was staying, and been married by the parson. However, he again proposed to go through the Cingari ceremony, and this time *Morris and my father agreed to it.* Having acknowledged himself to be an adopted gipsy, Massingberd Heath was joined in wedlock to Sinnamenta Liversedge: the ordinary ceremonies were dispensed with, by command of Morris, the bride and bridegroom only pledging themselves to one another solemnly in the presence of the assembled tribe. It was then, since he could not purchase suitable presents in such an out-of-the-way district, that I received from that man's hand this shooting-flask, as a remembrance of that day; my uncle commanded me to accept it, (although I vehemently disapproved of what had been done,) and I therefore keep it now, when every other gift of that accursed man has long been committed to the flames. For my part, I could not understand this novel pliancy on the part of Morris and my father; while Sinnamenta, as I think, implicitly believed in her lover's protestation, that for her sake he would all his life be a wanderer like ourselves. That very day, however, he took her away southward, on his road to London.

For beauty, as I have said, and for gentleness, there never breathed the equal of my little sister, and yet in six short months this Heath grew weary of her; like a spoiled child tired with a fragile toy, he cared not what became of her, so long as it vexed his eyes no more. It is not necessary to tell what brutal insult he put upon her; enough to say that she fled from him in terror—as he had intended her to do—and returned to us, heart-stricken, woe-begone, about to become a mother, with nothing but wretchedness in the Future, and even her happy Past a dream dispelled. It was dreadful to look upon little sister, and compare her to what she had been so short a time before. She felt the cold after her luxurious life in town, but she was far more ill at ease in mind than body. Above all, she sorrowed because her lover's desertion had left her disgraced—that she had brought shame upon all who belonged to her. Incited by the poor girl's misery, Morris and my father put into effect an audacious design which they had privately had long in hand. We were back again at Fairburn—all but Stanley Carew, who was away about a new horse for our covered cart—not camping in the plantation, as of old, for fear of Sir Wentworth, but upon the common hard by. On a certain morning neither my father nor uncle went forth as usual, but sat at home smoking and watching at the opening of the tent. Not long after breakfast there appeared a wayfarer in the distance, whose form showed gigantic in the summer haze.

"That must be a big fellow, little sister," said I, drawing her attention to it. She was sitting huddled up, as usual, in front of the fire; but no sooner had she caught sight of the object in question, than she ran with a cry to her father's knee, and besought him to save her from Massingberd Heath. Ah, even then, at that last moment, if father or uncle had but consulted me, or let me into their plans, I should not have my little sister's shuddering face before me, as now—the large eyes wild, the full lips pale with terror. He had beaten her—poor darling—even before the scene that was coming; but she had even more reason than she knew for fear. This man came striding on to the entrance of the tent, and stood there looking at its inmates with a withering scowl. 'Why don't you speak,' said he, 'you vagabonds! For what is it that you have dared to send for me?'

"My father pointed towards Sinnamenta—'Is not that cause enough, Massingberd Heath?'

"'No,' retorted the ruffian coolly. 'What is she to me? The drab has come home to her thieving friends again, it seems—the more fool she; for there was more than one who had a fancy for her in town, and would have taken her off my hands.'

"My father's fingers mechanically sought the knife which lay beside his half-finished basket; but my uncle Morris stood up between him and the speaker, and thus replied:—

"'Massingberd Heath, I sent for you to tell you something which concerns both us and you. Many months ago, you came to us, uninvited and unwelcome, and elected to be a gipsy like ourselves. This makes you smile very scornfully; yet if you did not mean the thing you said, you lied. However, we believed you. You were admitted into what, however wretched and debased it may seem to you, was our home, and all we had to offer you was at your service. You fell in love with that poor girl yonder, and she did not tremble at your voice, as now, but trusted to your honor. It is true, your position in the world was high, and hers was what you saw it to be. Still, you wooed her, and not she you; that is so, and you know it. Do not slander her, sir, lest presently you should be sorry for it. Again and again, then, you demanded her hand in marriage—such marriage, that is, as prevails among our people—not so ceremonious, indeed, as with the rest of the world, but not less binding. This we would not grant, because we disbelieved your protestations on your honor and before your God; and disbelieved them, as it has turned out, with reason. Then we fled from you and your false solicitations to the north, hundreds of miles away; even thither you followed us, or else accidentally fell in with us; I know not which. You renewed your offers and your oaths. We found, all worthless as you are, that the poor girl loved you still, and, yielding to your repeated importunity, we suffered her to become your wife.'

"'Wife!' repeated the renegade contemptuously. 'Do you suppose, then, that I valued your gipsy mummeries at a pin's head? You might as well attempt to tie these wrists of mine with the gossamer from yonder furze.'

"'We know that, Massingberd Heath, although the girl did not know it; she trusted you, although your every word was false.'

"'She is fool enough for anything,' returned the other brutally. 'But I know all this. Have you dared to bring me here merely to repeat a story I know so well?'

"'A story with an ending that you have yet to learn,' pursued my uncle, sternly. "You were wedded by no gipsy mummeries, as you call them; you took Sinnamenta Liversedge, in the presence of many persons, solemnly to wife.'

"'Ay, and I might take her sister there, and marry her to-day after the same fashion, and no law could say me "nay."'

"'Yes, *here*, Massingberd Heath; but not at Kirk-Yetholm.'

"'And why not?' inquired the ruffian, with a mocking laugh, that had, however, something shrill and wavering in it.

"'Because Kirk-Yetholm is over the Border, and, by the laws of Scotland, my niece Sinnamenta is your wife, proud man, and nothing but death can dissever the bond!'

"An awful silence succeeded my uncle's words. Massingberd Heath turned livid, and twice in vain essayed to speak; he was well-nigh strangled by passion.

"'I thank Heaven, Rachel,' murmured my little sister, 'that I am not that shame to thee and to my race which I thought myself to be.'

"'You shall have but little to thank Heaven for, girl, if this be true,' cried her husband, hoarse with concentrated rage; 'somebody shall pay for this.'

"'It *is* true,' quoth my father, 'and you feel it to be so. Nothing remains, then, but to make the best of it. We do not seek anything at your hands, nor—'

"'Only the right of camping undisturbed about Fairburn,' interrupted my uncle Morris, who was of a grasping disposition, and had planned the whole matter, I fear, not without an eye to the advantage of his tribe. 'You wouldn't treat your wife's family as trespassers.'

"'Certainly not,' returned Massingberd Heath, with bitterness; 'they shall be most welcome. I should be extremely sorry if they were to leave my neighborhood just yet. In the meantime, however, I want my wife—my Wife. Come along with me, my pretty one.'

"He looked like a wild beast, within springing distance of his prey.

"'Oh father, uncle, defend me!' cried the miserable girl. 'What have you done to bring this man's vengeance upon me?'

"'Ay, you are right there!' answered her husband, in a voice that froze my veins. 'That is still left for me—vengeance. Come along, I say; I hunger until it shall begin.'

"'Massingberd Heath,' cried I, throwing myself at his feet, 'for God's sake, have mercy upon her; it is not her fault. She knew no more than you of all these things. Look how ill and pale she is—you above all men, should have pity on her wretched condition. Oh leave her with us, leave my little sister here, and neither she nor we will ever trouble you, ever come near you. It shall be just the same as though you never set eyes upon us; it shall indeed! Oh, you would not, *could* not be cruel to such a one as she.'

"I pointed to her as she stood clinging to her father's arm as much for support as in appeal, so beautiful, so pitiful, so weak; a spectacle to move a heart of stone.

"'Could I not be cruel,' returned he, with a grating laugh, 'ay, to even such a one as she? Ask *her*—ask *her*.'

"There was no occasion to put the question; you saw the answer in her shrinking form, her trembling limbs: his every word fell upon her like a blow.

"'She has not yet known, however, what I can be to my *Wife*,' continued he. 'Come, my pretty one, come.'

"'She shall not,' cried my father vehemently; 'it shall never be in his power to hurt her.'

"'What! and I her husband?' exclaimed the other mockingly. 'Both one until death us do part! Not come?'

"'He will kill her,' murmured my father; 'her blood will be on my head.'

"'Are you coming—wife?' cried Massingberd Heath in a terrible voice; he stepped forward, and grasped her slender wrist with fingers of steel. Morris and my father rushed forward, but the man had swung her behind him, placing himself between her and them, and at the same instant he had taken from his pocket a life-preserver—he carries it to this day—armed with which he was a match for five such men. 'And now,' cried he, 'what man shall stop me from doing what I will with my own?'

"'I!' exclaimed a sudden voice, and with the word some dark mass launched itself so violently against the throat of Massingberd Heath that the giant toppled and fell; upon his huge breast, knife in hand, knelt Stanley Carew, his eyes gleaming with hate, his lithe body working like a panther's. He was not hesitating, not he—he was only drinking in a delicious draught of revenge, before he struck.

"'Strike!' cried I; 'strike hard and quick, Carew!' But while the blade was in air, Morris and my father plucked him backwards, and suffered his intended victim to rise, although despoiled of his weapon.

"'No, Carew; that will never do,' quoth Morris. 'We should have the whole country upon us in an hour, and they would hang us altogether.'

"'Carew is that man's name, is it?' exclaimed Massingberd Heath. 'I will not forget it, be sure. You shall all pay for this, trust me; but he, and *this one*, more than all. Come away, wife, come away.'

"'Yes, she must go, Carew,' interposed my uncle, checking a furious movement of the young man's. 'He knows all now, and has a right to what he demands.'

"'Ay, but if he lays one finger upon her,' cried the passionate gipsy—'if he dares to harm her even by a word, and I hear of it, as sure as I see the sun this day, I will know what is the color of his life-blood. You may take her away across the seas, but I will follow you; you may surround yourself with precautions, but I will come at you; you may go day and night in mail, but this knife shall find your heart out.'

"Massingberd Heath nodded contemptuously, without speaking; and striding from the tent, signed to Sinnamenta to follow him, which she did, moaning and weeping, and casting backward, over and anon, pitiful glances upon the home and friends she had exchanged for such an evil lot. I never saw my little sister more."

As if the remembrance of this sad scene had utterly overcome her, Rachel Liversedge hid her face in her hands, and wept until the tears welled through her tanned and shrivelled fingers.

"I am indeed distressed," said I, "to have caused you so much pain. I will not make you sad by telling me more."

"Nay, my boy, since I have begun it, let me finish with it; I shall think of it all the same, and it is better to speak than think. That very night, Stanley Carew was arrested upon the charge of stealing the horse which he had bought in open market, and ridden home just in time to play the part I have described. In the days I speak of, forty pound was given as a reward to those who gave such evidence as produced a capital conviction, and many a gipsy perished innocently in consequence of that wicked ordinance. It is possible that this accusation was made by one of those who made a practice of earning blood-money; but I am positively certain the false witness was set on by Massingberd Heath, even if that man did not originate the charge. It was pressed against poor Carew very harshly; and although the farmer of whom he bought the animal came honestly forward, and swore to its being the same which he had sold the prisoner, his evidence was rejected on account of some slight mistake in the description. You must have heard tell of that awful execution long ago at Crittenden jail, when the wretched victim to perjury and revenge uttered these terrible words: 'O God, if Thou dost not deliver me, I will not believe there is a God.' That unhappy man was Stanley Carew. My father and uncle were pitilessly persecuted and imprisoned, and died before their time. These wrists have worn fetters, this back has suffered stripes; nor did the vengeance of our enemy cease even with one generation. One of my boys is beyond seas, and another within stone walls; yet I know that the hate of Sir Massingberd Heath is not yet slaked."

"But what became of your little sister—poor Sinnamenta?"

"I know not what she suffered immediately after she was taken from us; Heaven only knows: her husband carried her a great way off out of our ken. But this I have heard, that when he told her of the death of Stanley Carew, she fell down like one dead, and presently being delivered of a son, the infant died after a few hours, the mother lived—a maniac. Yes, Massingberd Heath, you did not kill my little sister, after all; yonder she lives, but recks not whether you are kind or cruel; she drinks no more the bitter cup of love's betrayal."

"She is surely not at Fairburn," said I "is she?"

"What else should keep us here, boy, to be harried by keepers, to be vexed by constables and justices? What else should keep me here in a place that tortures me with memories of my youth and of loving faces that have crumbled into dust? What else but the hope of one day seeing my little sister yet, and the vengeance of heaven upon him who has worked her ruin!" The old woman rose up as she spoke, and looked menacingly towards Fairburn Hall. "I could almost exclaim with poor Carew," cried she, "that if Massingberd Heath escape some awful end, there is no Avenger on high. I am old, but I shall see it, yes, I shall see it before I die."

If there had been more to tell, which fortunately there was not, I do not think Rachel Liversedge could have spoken further; her emotion far more than her exertions, had reduced her strength so far, that though she uttered the last words energetically enough, I had had for some time a difficulty in hearing what she said.

"I thank you for listening to the tediousness of an ancient dame so long," murmured she: "if you were not a good boy, and half a gipsy, you would never have been so patient. I have told you all this to put you on your guard; it is no secret, but still you may not have heard it. Distrust, despise, detest Massingberd Heath; and warn his nephew, if you be his friend, not to venture again within his uncle's reach."

"I will, I will," cried I; "and I thank

*I am reminded by a friendly critic of the "suspicious coincidence" of a horse-shoe on the forehead, in the case of *Beltgaunlet*. I never think of Sir Massingberd without thinking of that worthy; and it has been a matter of doubt with me whether Sir Walter Scott might not himself have seen the Squire of Fairburn, and drawn him from life—both as to mind and feature—in his famous novel.

you in his name." I held out my hand, and she turned it over in her own.

"An honest palm," quoth she, "without a stain. There is one unlucky cross about it, Peter, that is all. You must not fret for that."

I mounted my horse amid cordial "good-byes" from the gipsies, who had been pursuing their usual avocations during the above recital, although nothing was more common than that the head of the family should have a secret of two hours long to communicate to a strange young gentleman; and throwing a shilling to the boy who had shown me the way, I took my leave.

It was not till I left the plantation far behind me, and had ridden at speed for some distance on the open road, that I was able to shake off the sombre feelings that oppressed me, and to meet Mrs. Myrtle's welcome to the Rectory with an answering smile. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEMPTATION IN THE ARMY.

Coupled with the good the army is doing, there is much that is bad. Nowhere as in the army are young men so beset with the insinuating words suggesting, and the passive influences of Satan. Freed from the restraints (for the majority of young men so consider it, to their shame be it spoken) of home and the blessed associations which cluster there, making loving pictures for the galleries of our hearts, with many leisure hours which must be passed in some way, other than sitting down to "mope." Therefore it is no nine days' wonder. They seek those pastimes which promise the most excitement, and of which they would hardly dare dream when at home.

The mind, as the body, must have employment, and many who can read and enjoy a book seek these evils out of choice, while others, who cannot see any beauty or have no taste for the productions of authors because they do not belong to the scholastic part of the human family, become an easier prey to the gaming table and other forms of vice, and are fast, and much faster than the aged mother in her quiet home dreams, becoming victims to those passions which will in the end leave her son a wreck upon the winding shore of the "vast beyond."

Three years in the army have taught me more of human nature than twenty amid the shifting scenes of New York or Paris. The transition is much quicker here. There the young man has those associations of home, public opinion, and the strong arm of the law to detain him; here all these are swept away, and he stands free—save the general orders, which amount to a mere form—to follow his own inclination, to gratify his natural appetites or not, just as he chooses.

The memories of home, the councils of his mother, given in tears at parting, a gentle sister's warning, the kind father's advice, all these, so vivid at first, are gradually yielding with the lapse of time, giving away before the allurements of the tempter; and we find those hideous passions moulding that boyish mind to their own liking. This may be a sad picture to some fond mother, but we would let no false pity spare the blow which may fall upon her in future years. We would have her alive to his interests, and, by the means in your power, bring him back to the path he has left.

Until lately those army sutlers have been allowed to sell whiskey to soldiers; but thanks to the Superintendent of the Army Police, this source of evil, this drain upon the soldiers' pockets, and in many cases upon mothers, wives, and children at home, has been stopped.

One other evil, and its remedy, and I have done for this time. I mean novels. Not those books of fiction which draw pictures of natural life, that life we live, are acquainted with by experience or history, but those works of a lower grade, treating of characters and things which never occurred; of robbers' and pirates' lives, teaching the young that the world owes them a living without laboring for it, imbuing the mind with a knowledge of knavery and crime without one peep at the dark side, and yet the authors say they design to teach morality.

These are the works of which thousands find their way into the hands of the soldiers, and what harm they are doing can be better estimated when these soldiers go back to civil life.

One word to those at home. Write often; send these little links in the golden chain which binds the soldier to his home; draw pictures of that home and its associations in your letters; tell him what you all expect of him. Send him books, standard works, or magazines, in which he will find that which will serve to strengthen and beautify his mind. Then, between these letters and books, he will have no time to think of these vices, and it may be that such simple things as these from home will save your son. Try it. FRANK RASHLEIGH.

☞ The Egyptians call their beer "booza," which is very similar to our term boosy, applied to partially intoxicated men. To bouse is to drink deeply, from the Dutch *buys* drunken; *buysen* to drink largely, to indulge in his cups from *buyse*, a large two-handed flagon. A Dutch bouse or an Egyptian boosy are equivalent to an American fuddle.

BY-PLAY.

All the world being a stage, and all the men and women actors and actresses upon it, they, just to keep up the analogy, go through a vast deal of by-play. For instance, when Constance smiles at Julia behind mamma's back whilst mamma is venting her indignation and surprise at young ladies who "*will* be so imprudent," there is an exemplification of by-play. And by-play is very much employed in transacting the drama of life, particularly (it is said) when the parts are sustained by young women, or not very old persons of the opposite sexes. In theatres you may frequently remark that, during a scene where the heroine is apparently listening with intense interest to the discourse of a suitor recommended by papa, she has one hand behind her back, which is all the while being squeezed and covered with kisses by a scapegrace, who is invisible to the unsuspecting, papa-recommended lover, and to whom papa, if he caught him, would request a servant to show the excellent arrangements which exist in modern houses for finding your way from a drawing-room into the public streets. Whether things are carried quite so far as this in the actual drama of life, of course a hermit, who never goes out unless it snows, or hails, or freezes, or rains, or does something calculated to subdue the flesh, cannot, and does not, pretend to know; he depends for his information upon persons with cuneiform whiskers. Now Cuneiform declares that though he has never seen in actual life a scene exactly similar to that described by the hereinbefore alluded to reprobate, he has nevertheless been eye-witness of one very like it. And this is the picture which Cuneiform drew. Seraphina, who had been waltzing with Cherubiny, (the last dance before supper,) had engaged to be taken into supper by Angelo, and Cherubiny had to conduct to the supper room Concertina; as then, these four were going huddled together into the place where the refreshments were being served, a strange sight presented itself to the astonished eyes of Cuneiform. Seraphina was hanging on the right arm of Angelo, and Concertina upon the right arm of Cherubiny, and such was the pressure that Cherubiny was forced close up to Seraphina, whilst Concertina had her head turned over her shoulder conversing with some one in her wake, Cherubiny at the same time conversing with Seraphina, and squeezing her right hand, which lay snugly ensconced in one of the many folds of her flowing skirt, poor Angelo being all unconscious in his anxiety to make a passage into the supper-room. Cuneiform, being close behind Cherubiny, and in a manner covering his proceedings, was probably the only person who saw the act, and was doubtful whether he ought not to inform the lady of the house, but refrained (as he says) from an idea that the lady of the house rather likes such surreptitious transactions, taking them as a proof that she has succeeded in her desire of "bringing young people who like one another together," and considering them (so long as public attention is not attracted) as perfectly harmless, if not commendable. And, after all, squeezing fingers seems a very trivial affair—especially gloved fingers; and, if the fingers were ungloved, Cuneiform says (*I* don't know) you might find it difficult to leave go at the proper time. Besides, it seems to me that you might squeeze too hard; but Cuneiform says that however hard you squeeze, "it only hurts nice." However it be, that is one of the instances of by-play.

But the by-play which is more commonly adopted is, Cuneiform tells me, devoid of contact, is managed chiefly by means of the eyes, assisted by veils, opera-glasses, fans, parasols, bouquets, hymn-books, &c., and is enacted in promenades, concert-rooms, theatres, opera-houses, &c., and (I regret to say) churches. With respect to by-play in church, I desire at once to express my horror of it, and to entreat all those who practise it to mend their ways; for, though marriages have been known to come of it, I don't find it anywhere prescribed in the rubric. That marriages do—or at least that a marriage did once—come of it, Cuneiform is my witness, and the case he mentions is that of Harecourt. Harecourt was a barrister of small means but great expectations—in fact, he expected some day to be employed, but, as it was, he lived on his means, eked out by occasional "occupation not menial." He had a sitting at a certain large church, standing at the corner of the street near which he lodged (after this its identification will be perfectly easy,) and thither he went every Sunday morning—when he didn't stay away. Now, as he and Cuneiform were walking one day in the fine, broad walk in Kensington-gardens, they encountered a trio thus composed. One was old, and one was plain, and one was anything but plain. They were dressed in the garb which women wear, and by the family likeness, they were mother and daughters. They regarded Harecourt with a conscious glance; and she who was anything but plain gave an almost imperceptible smile, an additional swing to her skirt, and a twist to her parasol, which hid her face. This, of course, was by-play, and Cuneiform immediately detected it. "Who is that pretty girl?" said he, "she has seen you before, I can swear." "Oh!" replied Harecourt, "it's one of the angels of my parallelogram." "What the old gentleman do you mean?" asked Cuneiform, and Harecourt vouchsafed his explanation. It appeared that from where sat in church, he one day found his glances directed, against his will and his pious endeavors, alternately to the features, which were far from concealed by a white bonnet, a blue bonnet, a pink bonnet, and a brown bonnet, respectively, and such was the position of these four bonnets, that, had they been joined by straight lines, the result would have been a parallelogram. So he called the owners of the several bonnets the angles (or angels) of his parallelogram. Of course, the bonnets were changed in time: but Whitebonnet (as she was when first he saw her) gradually weaned his looks from the other three. She was such a perfect mistress of the art of by-play. If she caught him looking for a single instant in the direction of Bluebonnet, or Pinkbonnet, or Brownbonnet, she would become so rapt in the service of the church, and so completely absorbed in the preacher's discourse, you would have supposed she had no thoughts of earth. But if he looked only to her direction, whenever his eyes wandered off his book or off the ceiling (during the sermon,) she would shoot eye-shafts, she would toy with her book, she would take off her gloves and display her white hands, she would find something the matter with the back of her bonnet which necessitated the raising of her rounded arm and the partial exhibition of her shapely bust, she would smell her salts with a pensive air, until Harecourt couldn't have told you what Ecclesiastes was talking about. So Harecourt found that in course of time his face always pointed in her direction, as the polar star points towards the north. This was after his walk with Cuneiform, and he began to be seriously troubled in his mind. Who was she? Where did she live? What was the bald-headed old gentleman—evidently her father—who sat in their pew every Sunday morning? He would follow them home some evening (for mother and daughters often went to church in the evening, and he could better escape notice in the shades of night,) and find out at any rate where they lived. So did he, and found they lived in an excellent house in a quiet street adjoining Russelburgh-square. But how to get introduced? He had hovered about them with an umbrella as they left church for full six weeks, and not a chance had offered of being of assistance; they always had an umbrella apiece, and once when he had proposed to fetch a cab, mamma had declined with the coldest of bows. Whitebonnet, however, had consoled him with by-play; she had gathered her skirts about her ostentatiously high (for the street had not yet become very dirty,) she had shot at him a despairing glance, and she had remarked quite loud enough for him to hear, "I really think, mamma, you had better have accepted the gentleman's offer." At last he came to the conclusion that he positively couldn't have his devotions interfered with in this way, and that he wouldn't lose fair lady by faintness of heart. He was almost alone in the world, and the few friends he had certainly couldn't give him the introduction he wanted, so he must see what he could do alone. He could see by their manner and by-play, as they pretended to be attracted by something behind them (just beyond the spot where he was following,) as they looked right past him, as they exchanged confidential whispers and then laughed merrily, that they were fully aware of his pitiable condition. One evening, therefore, one summer evening, when his movements could easily be seen from the window, soon after the trio had entered the house, he committed himself to the protection of fortune, rushed up the steps, plied the knocker, and rang the bell. He was speedily admitted, entered in time to see three new bonnets flitting up stairs, and to hear, as he thought, a stifled laugh and the words "I do declare the man's called." He gave his card to the buxom house-maid and begged her to ask if he could see Paterfamilias. Paterfamilias read the card, "Mr. Harecourt, Rummy Cockatoo Club, Pall-mall, S.W." and his eyes became the size of saucers. Murder, robbery, and lunacy, all occurred to him at once; but on Mary's assurance that the visitor was "quite the gentleman," and that she heard "missus say something about his calling," he requested that Mr. Harecourt should be shown into the study.

Mr. Harecourt entered and the two bowed, whilst a perplexed expression crossed the face of Paterfamilias. "I don't recognize your name, sir," said the latter, "but somehow or other your face is familiar to me." "You have seen me at church very likely," said Harecourt. Paterfamilias looked grave at this (thinking, no doubt, a subscription was a-foot): "Pray, sir, take a seat," said he, "and tell me what you want with me?" "It's rather a difficult matter to begin," quoth Harecourt, "but the fact is, I find my devotions very much disturbed." Once more lunacy occurred to Paterfamilias: "Really, sir," he observed, "I don't see how I can affect your devotions." "Only indirectly," rejoined Harecourt, "the disturbing influence comes from your pew—that's all." Paterfamilias began to fume: "Do you mean to complain, sir," said he, "of anything which takes place in my pew? There are but my wife and daughters and I in the pew—which of us pray disturbs your devotions?" "She wore a blue bonnet to-day," answered Harecourt, "and I never saw any one look so lovely." Paterfamilias stood up aghast, and seemed about to order him out of the house, but Paterfamilias with daughters to get off his hands is not rash: he, therefore, sat down again and said quietly, "You don't look like a man who would come here for the simple purpose of insult, and you don't look insane; so be good enough to explain yourself." Then Harecourt told, in simple terms, his pitiful story; spoke of his friends, his position, and his prospects; and Paterfamilias promised, in a few days, to let him know what course he would take. Materfamilias was consulted, but nothing was said to Whitebonnet or her sister beyond the unsatisfactory intelligence that the gentleman had called on matters relating to the church. However, on a certain day (inquiries having been made and satisfactorily answered about Harecourt) a small dinner-party was given at which Mr. Harecourt's company was requested. Mr. Harecourt made himself very agreeable (particularly to Whitebonnet), and in due course of time the favorite angle of his parallelogram adorned a corner of his fire-side.

But by-play does not, Cuneiform asseverates, often end in this way; generally speaking, according to his authority, it comes to nothing. It is considered rare pastime, that is all, and is sometimes useful in "bringing on" a tardy swain; for it piques Swain to see Inamorata, whilst she is talking to him, putting the stick of her parasol first on one side and then on the other of her nose, at all kinds of angles, so as to throw little slanting glances at Somebody-else; or continually pointing her opera-glass towards Somebody-else; or looking over the top of her outspread fan in the direction of Somebody-else, with an expression in her eyes which would make you swear that if her mouth were not covered you would see a smile upon it. At the same time Somebody-else thinks he has made an impression, whereas he has done nothing of the kind. Inamorata is only courting admiration, and she laughs in her inmost heart to think how she is nettling Swain, misleading Somebody-else, and amusing herself.

I wish I had time to speak of the extraordinary by-play which is sometimes performed with the opera-cloak, when a pretence of draught in the opera-box serves as an excuse for drawing the cloak just over the shoulders, letting one side slip (you would think inadvertently) off the polished ivory which juts from the dress, re-arranging it carefully, and making Swain blink like an owl in daylight, as he stands behind and watches the transitions. But time presses; and after all it is only what Cuneiform says—*I* know nothing about it.

R. B.

How Statues are Made.—A correspondent of the London Reader gives the following details regarding the production of statues:—

The sculptor, having designed a figure, first makes a sketch of it in clay a few inches only in height. When he has satisfied himself with the general attitude, a cast is taken of his sketch, and from it a model in clay is prepared of the full size he designs for his statue, whether half the natural height, or life-size, or colossal. The process of burning the clay, as it is called, upon the strong iron *armatura* or skeleton on which it stands on its pedestal, and the bending and fixing this *armatura* into the form of the limbs, constitute a work of vast labor of a purely manual sort, for whose performance, all artists able to afford it employ the skilled workmen to be obtained in Rome. The rough clay, rudely assuming the shape of the intended statue, then passes into the sculptor's hands and undergoes his most elaborate manipulation, by which it is reduced (generally after the labor of several months) to the precise and perfectly-finished form he desires should hereafter appear in marble. This done, the *formatore* takes a cast of the whole, and the clay is destroyed. From this last plaster cast again in due time the marble is hewn by three successive workmen. The first gives it rough outline, the second brings it by rule and compass to close resemblance with the cast, and the third finishes it to perfection.

☞ Heterodoxy.—Carlyle, listening to a party conversing upon Goethe, who, while lauding his talents condemned his heterodoxy, said:—"Gentlemen, did you ever hear of the man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?"

☞ It seems that in the course of centuries the climate of the Sahara desert has undergone great changes. There was a time when domestic animals of our bovine tribes were kept in these regions. A recent traveller saw in a valley between Murzuk and Ghat ancient sculptures in the sandstone rocks representing herds of bulls or oxen, and says that they were executed with a fidelity which could not have been attained unless the artist had the animals which he cuiseled before his eyes. This confirms St. Augustin's statements, that the ancient kings of the Garamants (who are supposed to have lived thereabout) made use of bulls for their conveyance.

☞ A woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

HOW PAUL AND PETER LOOKED.

It is allowable to mention the general notion of the forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and was represented by the early artists. St. Paul is set before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek thought. His stature was diminutive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expression of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face were a transparent complexion, which visibly betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright eye, under thickly overhanging, united eye-brows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach and inspired the confidence of strangers. It would be natural to infer, from his continual journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertions; and his own words on more than one occasion, showed that he suffered much in bodily health.

St. Peter is represented to us as a man of larger and stronger form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was full and sallow; and the short hair, which is described as entirely gray at the time of his death, curled black and thick round his temples and his chin, when the two apostles were together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditionary pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination.—*Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by W. J. Conybeare and J. S. Howson.*

ANTIDOTES FOR STRYCHNIA.

The British Medical Journal says "Professor R. Bellini, after conducting a long series of experiments on poisoning by strychnia and its salts, arrives at the opinion that the best antidotes are tannic acid and tannin, chlorine and the tinctures of iodine and bromine. Chlorine, he maintains, attacks the strychnia even when it is diffused through the system, for he found that in rabbits poisoned with the sulphate of the alkaloid, on being made to inhale chlorine gas in quantity, such as was not sufficient in itself to kill, the convulsions were retarded, and were milder when they occurred; death, also, was less rapid. The author further observed, that when strychnia was exhibited with pyrogallic acid, the convulsion was retarded for the space of half an hour, by comparison with other experiments in which the alkaloid was given by itself. Professor Bellini believes that this arrest in symptoms is not dependent on the acid acting chemically on the strychnia, but only through the astringent effects produced by the acid on the mucous membrane of the stomach, whereby the absorption of the poison is rendered difficult. The same author, dwelling on the frog-test for strychnia, asserts that this test is not to be trusted, inasmuch as other poisons produce the tetanic symptoms, although in a lesser degree."

Satin.—From an English paper we find the following:—

"For some years past the beautiful lustrous material, called satin, has been banished from the list of fashionable fabrics, and, with few exceptions, has it been seen during a long period of time, either for out-door or for evening wear. In Paris, as we have frequently informed our readers, it has again found favor with the fair leaders of fashion, and for many months it has again been very popular. Now, the prejudice which had set in against it in this country is fast disappearing, and we see satins of the richest qualities and most brilliant dyes, once more reinstated, and draping both old and young figures. So long has it been banished, that it reappears almost as a novelty, and many are rejoicing in its soft, graceful folds, and its superiority, which, in this respect, it holds over *moire antique*, just as though it were something new—a fabric which had never before been heard of. It is the most dressy of all materials, and there is nothing which shows off lace with such advantage; but, although it is frequently worn during the day, we think it better adapted for evening *toilettes*."

The Finger Nails.—Respecting the nails the Jewish rabbinical doctors entertained some singular notions. It was their belief that, antecedent to the fall, the bodies of our first parents were perfectly transparent, and that of these lucid envelopes of the soul, the nails are the sole surviving remains. The great divine, Origen, it is known, was possessed by a belief somewhat similar; and held that, in the first instance, Adam and Eve were, corporeally, beings of radiant light, and that the coats of skin afterwards bestowed on them, were no other than those habiliments of flesh, muscle, and bone—"muddy vesture of decay"—in which we, their descendants, present ourselves at the present day. In the nails, however, unlike the Talmudists, Origen does not recognize the rags of man's better estate.

UNSEEMLY EXTRAVAGANCE.

A man builds a marble stable on the rear of his lot, at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, and fits up a private theatre over it. Another pays eight thousand dollars *for* a pair of horses to drive on the road for his pleasure; and many give from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars for the same object. Another provides a dinner for a dozen friends—rejecting the old superstition of the unlucky thirteenth—and this simple dinner costs one thousand dollars.

A children's party is given, in an up-town house, where every child is clad entirely in dresses imported from Paris. An American citizen purchases a house for over one hundred thousand dollars, and tears it down, to rebuild upon its site one yet more costly.

These are signs of the times. Are they not evidences of a state of things unhealthful, feverish, threatening to the honest simplicity of our political life, and threatening not less evil to the ideas and the principles of which that life has hitherto been a fair exponent?

What business have Americans, at any time, with such vain show, such useless magnificence? But especially how can they justify it to themselves in this time of war? Some men have gained great fortunes during the last two or three years—but that does not excuse their extravagance. Is there nothing worthier than personal adornment, in which to invest their means? Are there no enterprises open to these men of fortune, which would benefit the country and their fellows as well as themselves?

In England, during the French war, useful enterprises of all kinds were originated, and prospered. There was then, as with us now, an inflated currency; great fortunes were made by speculative ventures, as here now. No doubt, too, there was extravagance; but there arose at the same time a spirit favorable to useful enterprises of many kinds—such as we wish could obtain amongst us. We have far better opportunities for such use of capital; we have mines, new manufactures, waste lands to be developed and brought into profitable use; we have a comparatively new country at our back, in which the prudent capitalist can see a thousand opportunities to increase his store, and at the same time benefit his countrymen.

The citizen, therefore, who wastes his gains upon ostentatious houses, extravagant furniture, dress, or food, commits a crime against his country. And especially is extravagance culpable in New York, where, though but half the island is built upon, there is scarcely a place fit for an honest workingman to bring up his family in, or where they are not exposed to the corrupting influences of squalor and vice.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"He Who Fights and Runs Away."—Your correspondent "H. W." asks who wrote

> For he who fights and runs away
> Will live to fight another day.

It was not Butler as many suppose. In an old volume, published by R. Grafton in 1542, entitled "Apophthegmes," &c., first gathered and compiled in Latin, by Erasmus, and now translated into English by Nicolas Vdall, there are these lines—

> That same man, that renneth awale,
> Male again fight, an other dale.

Demosthenes had written upon his shilde, in letters of gold, *good fortune*, yet nevertheless, when it was come to hardie strokes, Demosthenes, even at the first meeting, cast his shilde and al awale from him, and to go as fast as his legges might leave him. This poincte being cast in his nose, in the way of mockage and reproche, that he had in battaile caste awale his bucler and taken him to his heeles like a prettie one; he avoided it with a little verse (which is given above) common in every body's mouth.

This will be found at fol. 239.—G. R. C.

☞ Windsor Park covers 3,800 acres; Richmond, 2,468; Hampton Court, 1,800; Kew, 683; Regent's, 478; Kensington, 363; Hyde, 289; Victoria, 249; Greenwich, 185; Battersea, 175; Green and St. James, 50 each; Phœnix Park, Dublin, 1,752; Central, New York, 850; Bois de Boulogne, France, 2,095; Tzarsko Selo, Russia, 850; Thiergarten, Prussia, 210. In Southern Europe the most noted place of public resort is the Villa Real, in Naples. The Bois de Boulogne has a carriage-drive thirty-five miles in length, and the Central Park, New York, has a drive nine miles long.

☞ The Eighth Wisconsin Regiment is accompanied by a pet eagle, which shares all its marches and battles. In an engagement he flaps his wings and mingles his voice with the tumult. He has been twice wounded, one shot taking away most of his tail feathers. He is at home on furlough and is attracting a great deal of attention.

☞ Brigham Young is about to prove to the "Saints" that he can "keep a hotel," having purchased the Salt Lake House for $25,000.

☞ A transparent Hibernian wanted a friend to discount a note. "If I advance this," said the lender, "will you pay your note punctually?" "I will, on my honor," replied the other—"*the expenses of the protest and all!*"

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A Wife in Court with Two Husbands—She makes a choice—The denouement.

On Tuesday, in the Police Court (Cincinnati) a singular occurrence in real life took place, which in this city at least, has seldom transpired. The facts are these: About five years ago a man named Edward Carey left an affectionate and beautiful wife and three interesting children to seek a fortune in the mines of California. For one year after his arrival in the gold country, Carey wrote constantly to his wife, and enclosed frequent sums of money. Suddenly the correspondence ceased, and Mrs. Carey receiving no money, was compelled to adopt other means to obtain a livelihood for herself and little ones. In a few weeks thereafter, Mrs. Carey received information that her husband had been killed in the mines, which was corroborated by a subsequent letter from California. For three years she lived, as she supposed she was, a widow, and received the attention of an Italian named Joseph Reibe, who succeeded in gaining her affections; she consented to marriage, and about a year ago the two were legally united in the bonds of wedlock, and have ever since lived quite happily together.

On Sunday last, as the church bells were summoning to the house of God, Edward Carey, who had arrived direct from California by the morning train, was making inquiries in the neighborhood (in which his family resided when he left Cincinnati) for his wife and children. His neighbors and friends stood amazed and trembled upon beholding the man whom they had long since believed to be dead. Upon being assured that it was Carey, who was not dead but living, he was astounded with the intelligence that his wife, who had also believed that he had "gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns," was again married to another man, with whom she was now living in domestic felicity. Ascertaining the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Reibe, the affl cted husband hastened to ascertain whether what he had heard was true or false. Knocking at the door, a tall Italian, measuring six feet one and one-half inches, came to the door. Carey inquired:

"Does Mrs. Reibe live here?"

"She does—will you walk in?" replied the Italian.

"Yes, sir; will you please tell her that a gentleman desires to see her," said Carey.

The Italian consented, and on going to the door leading into the dining-room called his wife by her first name. She answered, and, all full of smiles, came running into the parlor. Upon seeing her husband who rose from his seat to meet her, she screamed out, "My God, Carey!" and fell fainting to the floor. The husbands both hastened to raise her from the floor. When Carey informed Reibe that he was Edward Carey, the lady's lawful husband, Reibe also claimed her as his wife, and added, "I shall never give her up." Before the wife had fully recovered from her fainting attack the two husbands had become engaged in angry, violent words, resulting in Carey's drawing a pistol upon Reibe, and by the latter being forcibly ejected from his house. Reibe, on Monday morning, had a warrant sworn out in the Police Court, charging Carey with disorderly conduct and provoking him to commit a breach of the peace. Carey was arrested, and when arraigned before Judge Warren, in the presence of Reibe and the wife, he asked the Court to hear an explanation before he entered his plea. Judge Warren consented, and Carey stated that he and Reibe both claimed the lady (pointing to Mrs. Carey Reibe) as wife, and he believing himself to be the legal claimant, had become disorderly in demanding peremptorily of Reibe that he should give her up. Reibe, through the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Straub, exhibited to the Court the marriage certificate, and the question was at once raised, "What further proceedings could be had in that Court?" The wife, who, like Niobe, all in tears, was called up and asked by the Court if either of these men was her husband? She replied that she had been married to both, but having learned that her first husband was dead she formed an attachment for Reibe three years afterward and married him. After assuring the Court of her deep seated attachment always for Carey, and now her warm affection for Reibe who had been to her an affectionate and devoted husband, the Court inquired of her, viz.:

"What do you propose to do; live with your first husband, who is legally such, or your last husband, who, by misapprehension, and unintentionally, you have made your husband?"

The lady replied, "My duty and my desire are to go and live with my first husband, Edward Carey."

The scene which followed can never be described. Carey and his wife approached each other and wept aloud, while the disappointed Italian, seated in his chair like a statue, presented a picture of despair and disappointment. Presently his feelings were overcome, and he grievously wept, eliciting the sympathy of all. Carey and wife, arm in arm, left the Court-room, and Reibe, after receiving kindly admonition from the Court that he must be resigned, and pursue the matter no further, left the presence of the Court deeply chagrined and terribly mortified at the fate which had befallen him.

Carey and his family are preparing to leave the city, and Reibe, all alone in a deserted house, refuses to be comforted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, 26th.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR GUNPOWDER.—Dr. Paul Swift, of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, lately discovered that sulphuretted hydrogen, in carbon, forms a very explosive compound, it having blown a hole through a thick oaken bench, upon which the first experiment was tried.

The carbon being placed under a receiver, imbibes from 90 to-100 times its bulk of sulphuretted hydrogen, and becomes very explosive.

The doctor, aided by Dr. Robert Chase, of New York, is now pursuing a course of experiments which have thus far been eminently successful. They are confident of having found a substitute for gunpowder which can be manufactured at less than half the cost of the article now in use.

☞ Silver has just been discovered in the pineries in Burnett county, Wisconsin. A man chopping wood suddenly turned out from a ledge of rock a "chip" of copper and silver; a further examination revealed a vein of silver ore.

LIVE STOCK INSURANCE.—An act to incorporate the "Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company of Chester County" has passed the House of Representatives. The managers of said company are not to be less than five nor more than thirteen. They are required to meet on the third Monday of November of each year, and give an account of their stewardship to the stockholders. The office of said company is to be located at Coatesville, and the corporators are Isaac Hayes, Abraham S. Ashbridge, Samuel Slocum, Abram Gibbons, Geo. Palmer, Enoch Harlan, Jacob Edge, James K. Grier, and Alexander Hodson. The company propose to make insurances on the lives of live stock, such as horses, mules, cattle, sheep, swine, &c., and to make, execute, and perfect such policies and other instruments as the nature of the business may require.

☞ RIGID ETIQUETTE OF SEA CAPTAINS.—According to the report of the inquest on the drowned passengers of the Bohemian in a Portland paper, a shipmaster who was on board the steamer when she was lost testified that, although he expressed his fear to a fellow passenger of the danger of the steamer's striking against a rock, he did not do so to Capt. Borland, "who knew best where he was." The witness also said he did not consider it his place to advise the captain. Said he would not have told the captain if he had known certain she was going on the rocks, as it was not his place—would rather run the risk of his life and the lives of the passengers.

☞ A vender of hoops was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these beautiful skirts," said the storekeeper. "Well, of course not," dryly remarked the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be *within* them."

☞ A man named Oats was hauled up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard that a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

☞ If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look in.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been less activity in the Flour market—12,000 bbls, mostly Western and Pennsylvania extra family have been disposed of at $6,75 for low, and $7@7,25 for fair to good quality, including high grade family, part at $7,50@8 and part private; fancy brands at $8,50 to $9; extras at $6,50@6,75, and superfine at $5,75@6 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is scarce at $6 ₱ bbl. Of Corn Meal we hear of no sales to alter quotations.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat has been in fair demand and firm at previous rates, with sales of about 35,000 bus at $1,65@1,70 for fair to choice reds, mostly at $1,68 for prime Pennsylvania, in store, and $1,80 to $1,95 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is in steady demand, with sales of Pennsylvania at $1,27@1,29. Corn is unsettled; sales reach about 50,000 bus at $1,20@1,23 for yellow. Oats are better, and all offered; some 25,000 bus found buyers at 84@85c, the latter for heavy Pennsylvania. Barley and Malt remain quiet, but several sales of the latter are reported at $1,70@1,72.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is more active. Some sales of Pork are reported at $23@24 for old Mess. Beef is also better, and Beef Hams sold at $23@24 ₱ bbl; Mess Beef is steady at $13@17 for country and city packed. Bacon moves off as wanted at 14@17c for common and fancy Hams; 11½@12c for Sides, and 11@11½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are selling more freely at 13½@14½c for pickled Hams; 10½@11½c for salted Sides, and 9¾@10½c for Shoulders, the latter in pickle. Lard is quiet at 13½@14c for bbls; kegs continue scarce at 16@16½c. Butter commands 35@45c, and choice lots 48@50c. Cheese is selling at 15@19c. Eggs are quoted at 23c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is better and rather more active, and the sales reach about 200 bales, mostly at equal to 72@73c for low and good middling quality.

ASHES are firm.

BARK—Sales of 90 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron at $37 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark continues scarce and high.

BEESWAX—Good Yellow is in request at 53@54c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is excited and more active, with a good demand to go East.

COFFEE—The market continues active; sales of 3000 bags at 38@40c for Rio, and 38@39c for Laguayra, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER is firmly held. For Yellow Metal prices are well maintained.

FEATHERS—Good Western are quoted at 66@68c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches are scarce. We quote the former at 15@19c for unpared quarters and halves, and the latter at 9½@10½c ₱ lb.

HAY is selling at $25@28 ₱ ton.

HOPS are selling at 35@40c ₱ lb, in quality, for fair to good Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market continues buoyant and very active, with sales of 3000 tons Anthracite at $50@54 for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is scarce; a sale of 100 tons was made at $52 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron continues on the advance.

LUMBER—The receipts and stocks continue very light. Sales of white Pine Boards at $32@34 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is active and on the advance. Sales of 700 hhds Cuba are reported at 65@67c for clayed, and 75@78c for Muscovado, and New Orleans, in small lots, at 75@83c, cash.

PLASTER is scarce at $6 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed coming in; sales of 1700 bus at $7,50@7,62. Timothy is held at $3,75@3. Flaxseed—sales of 3000 bus at $2,25@3,35 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum is quoted at $1,15@1,20. Whiskey—Sales of bbls at $1,03@1,05, the latter for Western, and $1@1,03 for Drudge.

SUGAR—The market is more active; sales comprise about 2000 hhds at 14½-15½c for Cuba, 15@16 for Porto Rico, and 14@16½c for New Orleans.

TALLOW—Sales of city at 12½@12¾c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market is unsettled; about 180,000 lbs have been disposed of at 65@70c for low, 70@73c for medium, and 75@80c for fine fleece and tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from $10 to 13 ₱ 100 lbs. 165 Cows brought from $30 to 40 ₱ head. 2500 Sheep were sold at from 8½ to 9½ cents ₱ lb. 2000 Hogs at from $10 to 12 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 25 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Rosse's telescope, says that Lord Rosse has looked into a space so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

EASY AGAIN.
EASY AGAIN.
EASY AGAIN.

"Thank God, I am easy again," said Mr. Freely, who had suffered for nine months with Rheumatism. The first application of Radway's Ready Relief relieved him from pain, the following day he was able to walk, in a week's time he resumed his business as engineer. Radway's Ready Relief will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Strains, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Sore Throat, Headache, and all other pains. Relief is afforded in a few minutes.

Every house should be supplied with a bottle. With this remedy to use in case of accidents or sudden attacks of disease, life may be saved. Price 25 cents per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS, and are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers."
REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"They have suited my case exactly, relieving my throat and clearing the voice so that I could sing with ease." T. DUCHARME.
Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines at 25 cents per box.

CERTIFICATE—GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING—BALDNESS PREVENTED.

London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," three bottles of which restored my hair, which was very gray, to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Mr. Garrigues, druggist, Tenth and Coates, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. Mrs. MILLER.
730 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

It is not a Dye, and is the only known restorer of color and perfect hair dressing combined, being entirely different from any article ever introduced to an American public. Price 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold by Doctor SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address.
mar26-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM M. JEANDELL, to Miss SARAH BATCHELOR, both of this city.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM H. MOSLEY, to Miss ANNIE E. MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. GEORGE W. JOHNSON, to Miss ELIZABETH L. TOMLINSON, both of this city.

On the 17th of March, 1864, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN WARD, to Miss MARGARET HELVERSON, both of this city.

On the 27th of March, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. WILLIAM R. BUCHANAN, to Miss ANNA M., daughter of the late Geo. Cobill, Esq., both of this city.

On the 19th of March, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. JAMES M. HENDERSON, to Miss LOUISA COLE, both of this city.

On the 3d of Sept., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. EDWARD A. WILDAY, to Miss JANE MCGONIGAL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of March, Mrs. RACHEL ELETT, in her 60th year.

On the 29th of March, Mr. JAMES DAVIS, in his 59th year.

On the 29th of March, ELIZABETH C., wife of the late Robt. A. Little.

On the 29th of March, Mrs. LYDIA VAN D. RAINNIE, aged 28 years.

On the 28th of March, Mrs. MARY C. PETERSON, (late Harold,) aged 76 years.

On the 28th of March, JOHN T. HOOPES, in his 54th year.

On the 28th of March, FINDLAY FRASER, in his 34th year.

On the 27th of March, JOHN HANCOCK, aged 39 years.

On the 27th of March, Mr. JAMES F. MILLER, aged 39 years.

On the 27th of March, ELIZA BALLENTINE, in her 70th year.

On the 24th of March, WILLIAM K. HAMLIN, in his 52d year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 400 ARCH ST., Have ordered this season, for their best custom,

Richest Silks Imported;
Shawls of exclusive styles;
Dress Goods, Paris styles;
Spring Mantles, Cloth and Silk.
mar12-1y

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL, AND THE CHILDREN AT HOME,

"THE GOLDEN HARP."

Containing 300 HYMNS, CHORUSES and SELECT PIECES for the SABBATH-SCHOOL, SOCIAL GATHERING, PICNIC, and HOME CIRCLE. This has been unreservedly recommended to the special attention of all interested in religious and moral culture of the young, by leading men of all denominations, and contains in addition to familiar tunes and old favorites, a large number of original pieces prepared expressly for its pages. Price in boards, 25 cents, $2,50 per dozen. Paper 20 cents, $1,80 per dozen. Mailed, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
ap9-tf Publishers, Boston.

TO POST-OFFICE CLERKS AND OTHERS.—A young lady, who is making a collection of Foreign Postage Stamps, would like to correspond with some young gentleman who is connected with the Post-Office Department, or a clerk in a mercantile house having a large foreign correspondence, who can and will assist her. Any person so inclined will please address Miss LUCY EMMONS, Eastport, Maine. ap9-2t

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At M. MAHAN'S, 253 South Second Street above Spruce, is now selling, from the best stock and assortment of

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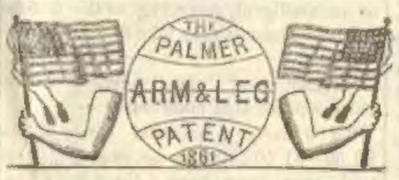

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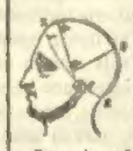

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Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the body's health. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heartburn, pain in the breast-bone, sudden faintness and costiveness.

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The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared only by
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Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
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WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
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Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.
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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
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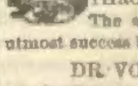

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DR. VON MOSCHZISKER,
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where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oct31-6m

Wit and Humor.

A JUMPING MATCH.

A young man of our village, (he relates the story himself,) who fought, but did not die at Antietam and Gettysburg, recently went into the Province, on foot, with some small articles for sale. One night, just as the sable curtains of the evening were being lowered upon him, he applied at a very respectable looking house for entertainment. He was very kindly received by a young lady, who happened to be the only one of the family at home, with whom he partook of the evening meal, and everything seemed to our hero to be going "merry as a marriage bell." It seems, however, that the young lady began to suspect that in "entertaining a stranger," she had not entertained "an angel." But how to get rid of him was the trouble! At length she asked him if he could jump well, saying that she could jump further than any Yankee living. This was a "stump" which the hero of a dozen battle fields was not disposed to take, and so they arranged for a trial of leap frog. The young lady, placing herself against the opposite door, at three jumps reached the door. Our Yankee now took his station for the trial. At two bounds he nearly reached the door, when Miss Bluenose, with all the feminine fascination imaginable, said she would open the door for him, so that he might have a chance to see how much he excelled her, and he took the third leap which landed him out in the snow.

The young lady instantly closed and fastened the door, took hat, mittens, overcoat and valise of merchandise, into the chamber, threw them out of the window to him, and told him there was a tavern about seven miles below, where no doubt he could be entertained. He went down the road, meditating on the mysterious ways of women!—*Loyal Sunrise, Presque Isle, Me.*

PAT'S IDEA OF STOCK.

Pat Donahue was a "broth of a boy," right from the "Gem of the Say," and he had a small contract on the Conway Railroad, in New Hampshire, in the year of grace, 1853, in which he agreed to take his pay part in cash, part in bonds, and part in stock. The stock of this road, be it remembered—like many others—was not worth a "Continental," and has always kept up its value with remarkable uniformity. In due time Pat, having completed his job, presented himself at the treasurer's office for settlement. The money, the bonds, and the certificate of stock were soon in his possession.

"And what is this now?" said Pat, flourishing his certificate of stock, bearing the "broad seal" of the corporation.

"That is your stock, sir," blandly replied the treasurer.

"And is this what I'm to git for me labor? Wasn't me contract for sthock?"

"Why, certainly; that is your stock. What did you expect?"

"What did I expect?" said Pat, excitedly; "what did I expect? Why pigs, and shape, and horses, shure!"

GOOD REASON FOR SORROW.—While travelling in the Granite state some years since, during an exceedingly heavy fall of snow, I was hailed from a house beside the road, and informed that I could not possibly get through the drifts to the next village, and, upon expressing a determination to try, was requested to inform Mr. W——, some mile or so beyond, that Mr. F——, one of the occupants of the house, died last night.

After several hours consumed in riding, walking, and treading snow, I duly arrived at Mr. W——'s, and, after procuring the assistance of his cattle to help me through a large drift, informed them of the loss of their neighbor the previous night.

Mr. W—— was quite inclined to be reconciled to the loss, explaining that Mr. F—— had been a shiftless sort of a fellow, quite intemperate at times, and occasionally very cruel to his wife and family; whereupon Mrs. W—— remarked, that although that was very true, she did not doubt that Mrs. F—— would feel very sorry to bury him; and Mr. W——, looking out of the window at the huge drifts of snow that surrounded the house, and the large flakes that still continued to fall, said, "Yes, yes; who wouldn't feel bad to have to bury any one such goin' as this is?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A SMART FELLOW went into a saloon in Virginia City, a short time ago, where a number of gentlemen were enjoying themselves, and inquired if they would like to be amused with some tricks of conjuring with cards. Of course they all said yes. The stranger having placed about a dozen cards on the table, requested each gentleman to place a quarter on a card, which each was to select for himself. This done, the peripatetic pestidigitateur changed the coin from one card to another, and asked each of the gentlemen if the money on his card was his. Of course they each said no, because their coin had been shifted to another card. "Then," said he, "if none of the money belongs to any of you, why it must be mine," and he pocketed it, remarking that it was a fair transaction, because the money belonged to nobody. That fellow can travel—to the penitentiary.

THE ART OF TAMING ANIMALS.

As a general rule, old animals are tamed with more difficulty than young ones. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, as we have experienced in several instances, especially one of some golden pheasants, in full plumage, which we purchased from strangers, and placed in a large wired inclosure. At first the birds were so timid that it was painful to us even to pass the aviary, where they ran about in great confusion at the approach of any human being. These birds will now, after a lapse of two years, not only take food from our hands, but seem to prefer this mode of feeding to their more natural habit of pecking from the ground. How is this effected? The first step towards gaining the confidence of wild animals, we have found, is to be made by avoiding, in the first instance, all sudden and startling movements towards them, thus feigning, as it were, a *doubtful* manner, which will greatly tend to increase their courage. We should begin our course of taming by approaching our intended pet by a slow and hesitating pace, retreating or halting at the first indication of fear in the object of our care. Although, perhaps, it cannot be denied that so-called cupboard love is the original source of the attachment of most animals to mankind, we must allow that this interested affection is of a better kind than at first sight it appears to be. It proves, at least, the animal's capability of gratitude, in which virtue, doubtless, mankind might take profitable instructions from the inferior animals. Be this, however, as it may, dumb animals are generally grateful for their food, so that it is by feeding we must *begin* our efforts to win their hearts, and this first step once made, the perfecting of our task becomes comparatively easy, for the animal no sooner ceases to fear its teacher than it begins to love him. The wild golden pheasants alluded to now hail our approach by a contented clucking sound like that made by a domestic hen to her brood; and although the aviary may be strewn with the green food occasionally supplied to the birds as a treat by the servant who attends to them, they will generally leave this *bonne bouche* withering and untouched on the ground, devouring without hesitation, from our hand, the identical food they had refused to eat in the ordinary manner. Aristotle says, "animals not only distinguish the difference of sounds, but also of signs." This is certainly the case with many of our favorites, who will obey the voice of a friend when a stranger may call them in vain. "That excellent thing"—a kind and soothing voice, has a wonderful effect in fascinating not only our own kind, but also the animals whose confidence we wish to win. By the method of taming referred to, we have lately succeeded in gaining the affection of a wild old peacock, which, although originally so wild that no one could approach sufficiently near to him to admire his beautiful plumage, will now follow us around extensive grounds, in bad weather, when we cannot go out, reminding us of his existence by sundry taps at our bedroom window, which he reaches by flying upon the veranda under it. By this system of *cautious kindness*, we have tamed not only the more familiar domestic animals, but have also proved that wild birds, garden mice, and even the naturally cold and shy fish may thus be rendered fearless and familiar. The Prussian carp, in our garden pond, have been so habituated to feed from our hands, that, even without the accustomed crust of bread, they will rill rise in shoals, allowing us to play with them and tickle their backs, at the same time *nibbling* our fingers without evincing the slightest fear at these familiar proceedings. Late in the summer, when there could have been no great scarcity of food, we have tamed redbreasts to come to our call and feed at our feet like young chickens. Most persons have observed the impudent familiarity of the house sparrow, no uninteresting pet, by-the-bye, to those whose prejudice against this *common little bird* can give way to the wish honestly to study its character. Notwithstanding, however, this really pretty bird's love of frequenting the dwellings of man, it is ever shy in our presence, and suspicious of sinister intentions towards it; so that, if we would improve our acquaintance with it, the task must be performed gradually, and with due caution, not to startle our little friend in the first instance by over familiarity or any course of conduct towards him which might lead him to suspect any intention on our part to capture him, or deprive him of the liberty so needful to his well-doing. We have never succeeded in caging a sparrow for any length of time, even when reared from the nest, and have not met with any one who has been more successful in this matter than ourselves. Should the experience, however, of any of our readers differ from our own on this subject, we should gladly be informed of the fact.

R. A. C.

☞ GENIUS.—The man of genius is not master of the power that is in him; it is by the ardent, irresistible need of expressing what he feels, that he is a man of genius.

☞ "I once," said a friend, "saw a regiment of negroes on parade, and when they came to the 'right dress, with the whites of their eyes all turned, it looked *just like a chalk mark.*'"

VOLUNTEER (To nervous old gentleman who is smoking).—"Pray be careful with your cigar, sir! I've just drawn my gratis ammunition here, enough to blow us all into——" [Old gentleman flings away his weed and himself off the car immediately.

EFFECT OF FOOD.

Professor Maleschott, of Zurich, in a late work, dwells at great length upon the influence of diet on the intellect. The question, still susceptible of much investigation, is a very interesting one to theologians as well as physiologists. "It is a well-known fact," says Professor M., "that changes of food have transformed the wild-cat into the fireside companion; from a carniverous animal, with short intestines, it has, by gradually becoming accustomed to other food, become transformed into another being, enabled, by a long intestinal canal, to digest vegetable food, which, in its natural state, it never touches. Food, therefore, makes the most rapacious and perfidious animal in the world an inmate with man, agreeing with children, and rarely, except to a close observer, revealing its former guileful character. Are we, then, to wonder that tribes of men become ardent, phlegmatic, strong or feeble, courageous or cowardly, thoughtful or unintelligent, according to the different kinds of aliments they take?"

SEVERE ON "PURE IVORY."—An exchange paper says maliciously:—

"You carry a beautiful cane—it costs $3 50—$1 50 extra on account of its beautiful, pure ivory head. Your wife has a costly fan, with a pure ivory handle. In your pocket is a pure ivory-handled penknife, very pretty and fine. On your table is a set of knives and forks, with pure ivory handles, and a little extra expense they have cost for being pure ivory. The napkin rings are of pure ivory. The ring in which are the reins of your costly double harness is pure ivory. The handles of beautiful parasols are of pure ivory—and so on, with many articles useful and ornamental. But it happens that this "pure ivory" is manufactured from the shin-bones of the dead horses of the U. S. army."

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHERS.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet, and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meet-house to cut a frozen steak for dinner. This is not as it should be. There is much work about the house too hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough, at best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.

TEN FRIENDS—"I wish that I'd good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis, with a yawn.

"Good friends! why, you've ten," replied his master.

"I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked down on his big, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say that you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others.

☞ SARCASTIC.—Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning *yarns* among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is *worsted* and *twisted*, he may consider himself *wound up*.

☞ A negro once gave this toast: "De late Gubernor ob de State—him come in wid berry little opposition, him go out wid none at all."

Agricultural.

KILLING FOWLS FOR TABLE USE.

A late number of the London Poultry Chronicle has an article on this subject, from which we extract the following suggestions, some of which are entirely new:—

"If the fowls are to be eaten on Thursday, let them be caught on Monday evening, and shut up in a basket absolutely without food or water until the next morning. Being quite empty, they must be killed, not by cutting the throat, but by breaking their necks. Take hold of the tips of the end or flight feathers of the wings, and the lower part of the thighs and knees with the left hand. Take hold of the head of the fowl in the right hand, turn it (the head,) upward in the hand, but simultaneously pull up with the left hand, and press down with the right hand until there is a trifling jerk—it is the dislocation of the neck. Death ensues in a few minutes. If there is any doubt it can be easily solved by feeling the back of the bird's head—there will be found an 'ugly gap' between the head and the neck. When a fowl is bled to death it is very white, but it is often dry; when it is killed by dislocation of the neck it is juicy. As soon as the bird is dead indeed I should say *directly* it is dead—it should be picked. The large feathers of the wings and tail should be pulled first. The reason why they should be picked is that the fowl then gets immediately cold; it is for the same cause, essentially, that they should be killed early in the morning or late in the evening; the latter is preferable. Even in hot weather the fowl is spoiled nine times out of ten by the fermentation of the food, or the decomposition of the water that was in the body at the time of death. The bird, fasted and killed as we have described, may be drawn and trussed for the spit some hours before it is wanted, and in spite of hot weather it will be sweet, tender and juicy.

BEES AND HONEY OF GREECE.

The honeys of Hybla and Hymettus are at this day almost as celebrated as they were in the time of the classical Greek poets. The honeys of Cerigo, of Zante, and many other places, continental and insular, are all fine, and each has its admirers. The honey of Leucadia is, perhaps, almost as good as any, and the descendants of the bees that fed Ulysses deserve some consideration. I was interested then in the little bee-garden on the site of the city of Leucas. It was a rocky, barren-looking spot, and did not at first sight seem promising, for the whole ground, for a great distance around, looks naked and without vegetation; but it is not really so. Every little crevice or interval between two stones, whether large or small, and not a few holes made by vegetation in the solid rock itself, contain some little flowering plant especially patronized by the honey bee. Rosemary and sages abound. I was not much surprised, therefore, to see the bees, but the hives rather puzzled me at first. They consist of small oblong boxes placed on end on a low stone, each box being covered by two or three tiles, evidently to keep off the heat of the sun in the summer. Two round holes, each about half an inch in diameter sufficed for the bees to enter and emerge, and it did not seem to matter much where the holes were pierced. The boxes were constructed in the roughest manner, and seemed to be not two feet apart, and each box was about twenty inches high and nine inches square. The bees were exceedingly busy and perfectly good-tempered.—*Ansted's Ionian Islands in* 1863.

☞ Sin has a great many tools; but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

PLANT LARGE CROPS.

We observe that some of the Western newspapers appeal to their agricultural readers to put in large crops the coming spring. This is good advice. The producer and consumer have every reason to agree in this. A St. Paul editor, exulting in the prosperity enjoyed by the farmers of Minnesota, says:

"This calamitous war, either as the real or assumed cause, has swelled the price of the commonest products till they almost rival in value the fabulous golden fruits of Hesperides. When wheat commands a ready, firm price of from 90 cents to $1 per bushel, oats 80 cents, corn $1 15 to $1 20, potatoes 80 to 90 cents, and onions are considered cheap at $3 50 to $3 a bushel, certainly even the most avaricious cannot complain that farming in Minnesota does not pay."

The same general facts hold true throughout the West, and should Europe be engulfed in war before another twelvemonth, which is more than possible, adding to the demand already existing, the American farmer is likely to be rewarded for his industry as never before. The support of larger armies at home, the operation of the conscription laws upon the labor market, the troubles which agitate the old world, all go to help the agricultural classes in the United States. Therefore plant every acre of arable that is possible. Wheat and corn are chiefly needed for export, but all the small grains, such as are produced plentifully in the Eastern and Middle States, to say nothing of potatoes and other vegetables, will find a ready market.—*Journal of Knowledge.*

GRAPE CUTTINGS.—It is a very simple operation to plant grape-cuttings. Those who have not much time to spare, should use cuttings with two buds, leaving half an inch of wood at each end. Throw out the dirt to the full depth of the cutting; plant so that the upper end of the cutting is visible; fill the dirt in with a garden trowel or small handfork, and press down firmly with the foot. The ground should be kept moderately moist, and in hot weather well mulched with grass. Most varieties of grape are easily grown in this way.

Useful Receipts.

RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.—Soak 1 pint black beans in water all night: next day boil it for 3 or 4 hours, adding 3 pints water: mash it through a sieve into some good back stock, making it the consistency of cream, stirring all the time. Season with onion and sweet herbs. Have 2 hard boiled eggs cut up and in the tureen with a wine glass of Port wine.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Three ounces tapioca, 2 ounces ground rice, 1½ pint of milk, and 3 drops of almond flavor. Wash the tapioca in water, mix with the ground rice, add ½ pint cold milk, and let it remain ½ an hour: add the remainder of the milk and simmer it half an hour, stirring well the whole time; add the almond flavor and pour into a mould.

PRESERVES.—In making a syrup for preserves, 1 gill of water to each lb. of sugar, is a good rule.

GERANIUM LEAVES.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the kind. One or two leaves must be bruised, and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrised in a very short time.—*Miss Fry.*

WHITE BEESWAX.—Have a hard-wood board made in the shape of a shingle, then put the wax in a pot of hot water over the stove. While the wax is melting, soak the board in warm water to prevent the wax sticking to it; then dip the board into the pot of water and wax as you would to dip candles, and you will have a thin sheet of wax on the board. This you can loosen with a knife so as it will slide off. Then dip as before, and so on until you have dipped all the wax off. Take these thin sheets of wax and spread them on a white cloth in the hot sun until they are white; afterwards melt and cake.

A NEW RAT POISON.—The *Scientific American* says that a French paper recommends artificial carbonate of baryta to be mixed with various kinds of food for rats. This salt is almost tasteless, and, it is said, does not become poisonous until after the gastric juice renders the salts of baryta soluble. We would advise those of our readers troubled with rats to experiment a little with this carbonate.

TO RESTORE FADED PHOTOGRAPHS.—The prints should be unmounted by soaking in water for a time, and then immersed in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury, in which they may be left for two or three minutes, and afterwards thoroughly washed. The change takes place directly they are in the bichloride solution.—*Br. Jour. Phot. Almanac for* 1864.

☞ Ambition often puts men to doing the meanest offices—as climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 4, 29, 5, 1, 31, 21, 11, 23, is a town in Maine.
My 30, 29, 22, 30, 37, 26, 23, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 33, 37, 38, 12, 27, 13, 31, 8, 30, 5, is a town in Vermont.
My 16, 34, 31, 3, 14, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 30, 28, 32, 11, 17, 24, 29, 23, is a town in Rhode Island.
My 2, 18, 14, 4, 35, 37, 11, is a town in Connecticut.
My 6, 31, 14, 26, 5, 10, 31, is a town in New York.
My 12, 28, 26, 11, 35, 37 22, is a town in New Jersey.
My 30, 34, 21, 31, 8, 13, 31, 26, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 9, 3, 22, 1, 37, 11, is a town in Delaware.
My 18, 11, 23, 21, 27, 37, 31, 3, 7, is a town in Maryland.
My 5, 36, 30, 25, 14, 37, 33, 9, is a town in Virginia.
My 33, 18, 31, 3, 8, 19, 2, is a town in North Carolina.

My whole has caused a great deal of comment throughout the country. C. L. MESERVE.

Bartlett, N. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When ruthless feet some quiet spot invade,
And midnight havoc stirs the peaceful glade;
Where stood the happy home in beauty fair,
Now blacken'd ruin—see my first, rest there.
My second, potent, wields a selfish sway,
And seems the lever working all one way.
My third's a bond by which all Union clings,
And fastens close, tho' not always with strings.
My whole can smooth the world's paths bleak and bare,
And shed life's sunshine o'er the haunts of care.
The heart which feels it, owns one angel still,
And for that virtue God forgives much ill.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

TRIPLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

A kind of tea.
What all men have.
A great inventor.
A religious denomination.
An organ of the human body and a grain.
An English judge.

My initials, centrals, and finals form the entire name of a great man.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The three sides of a triangle are 30, 40 and 50 rods. It is required to find a point within it from which the three sides shall subtend equal angles? REUBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When E would divide his money either by 9 or by 11, there would be 1 of a remainder; when he would divide it by 10 or by 12, then 4 would remain; if he would divide it by 13, then 7 would remain; and if he would divide it either by 19 or by 23, then 12 would be the remainder. What was the amount of E's money?

JUNIOR.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What kind of an animal grows on a grape vine? Ans.—A grey ape (A grape.)

☞ If a woman was to change her sex, what religion would she be? Ans.—A He-then.

☞ Why is a man who saves a ship's company from destruction, like Richard of the Lion Heart? Ans.—Because he's a *crew's-aider* (crusader.)

☞ What cup neither cheers nor inebriates? Ans.—The hiccup.

☞ Who is a quartermaster? Ans.—The man who gives the poor soldier one quarter, and keeps the rest himself.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born at Portland. RIDDLE Right.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Gill Bates, published Feb. 27th—As the diameter of the base, and the altitudes of the cylinder are both *given*, the *capacity* and *interior surface* are therefore *fixed*, and they cannot have a minimum or maximum value. Hence the Problem is impossible of solution. Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Morgan Stevens agrees with the above. Reuben Barto and Wm. Severly send as answer 392.7 cubic inches.

Answer to R. J. McBride's PROBLEM, published Feb. 27th, 16.66 miles. C. L. Newbold, Morgan Stevens, Reuben Barto, and W. Severly.

Answer to my PROBLEM, published Feb. 20th. As 27.11 is to 216. Reuben Barto.

Answers to PROBLEM by S. M. Irwin, published Feb. 20th. Diameter of circle 139.39 rods. Morgan Stevens. Diameter of the circle described by the larger end will be 2326 feet, and the diameter of the circle described by the smaller end will be 2304 feet. Wm. Severly and Artemas Martin.

Answer to David S. Hart's DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM, published June 27th, 1863. The required numbers are 195, 264 and 285. A. Martin and S. Hart.